

BLUE BOOK

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BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

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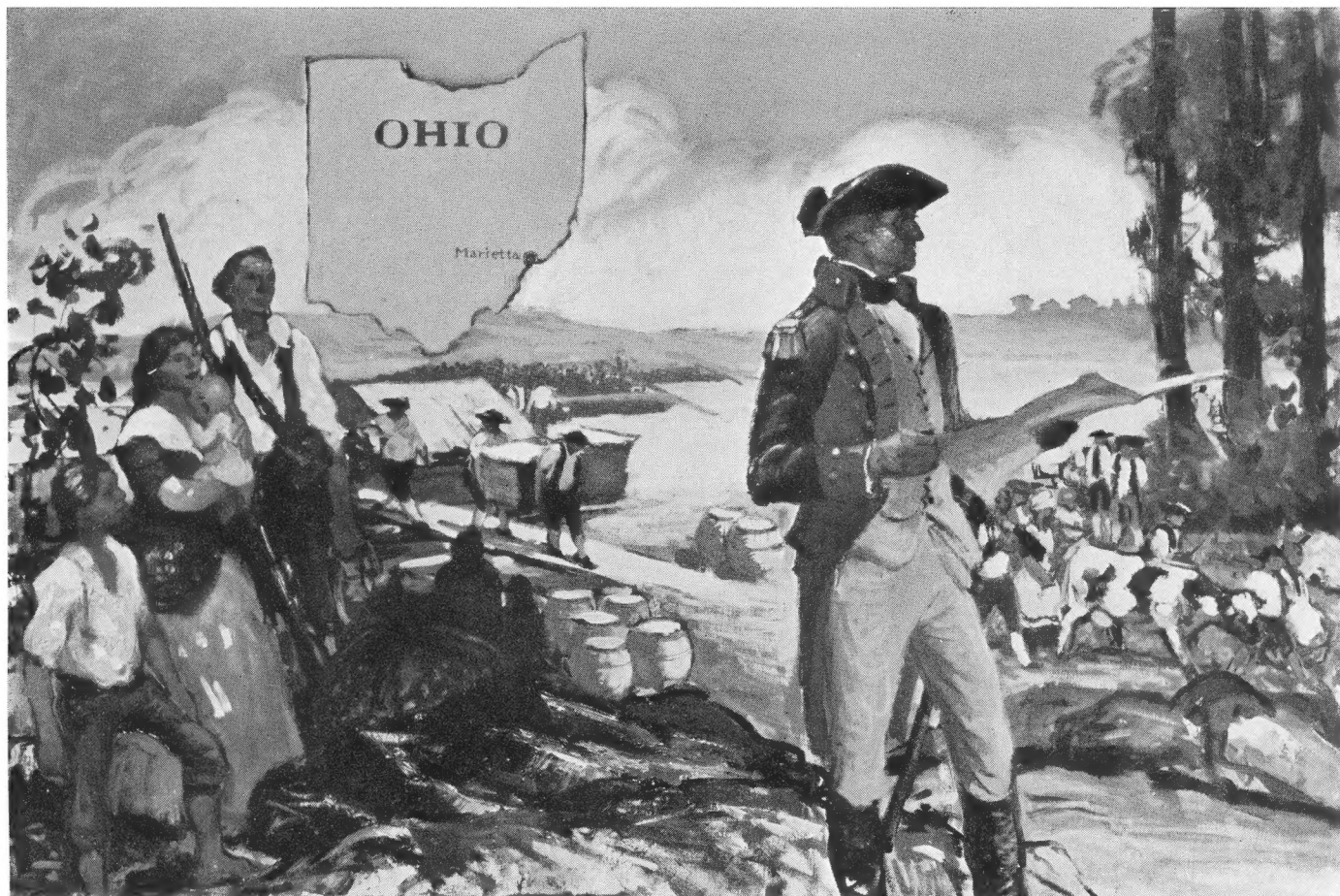
THESE UNITED STATES...XX—Ohio
Painted by JOHN FULTON

MUCH ADO ABOUT PENDING
by NELSON BOND

WAHOO GOES BRAVE TO BATTLE
by LT. CMDR. EDWARD L. BEACH

THREE IN A THUNDERSTORM
by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

Many other stories, articles, features



THESE UNITED STATES....XX—OHIO

THE OHIO COMPANY

BECAUSE the fair and fertile land of Ohio was so desirable, it had long been a battleground among warring Indian tribes when the first white explorers ventured into the region. Indeed, this was probably true even in prehistoric times; for in no other States are the relics of the Mound Builders so numerous and important. And the conflict was continued by and between the European invaders. As a matter of fact, the proclamation of King George forbidding the Eastern colonists from settling beyond the Alleghenies, and the act of Parliament attaching this region to the Province of Quebec, was one of the main causes of the Revolution.

In 1749 a French-Canadian expedition under Céleron de Bienville claimed possession of the upper Ohio Valley and placed lead marking-plates attesting to the fact at the mouth of a number of streams. As early as 1730, however, English pioneers from Virginia and Pennsylvania had explored the vicinity; and in 1750 the first Ohio Company was formed, with prominent men like Thomas Lee and George

Washington's brothers Laurence and Augustine at the head of it. They sent Christopher Gist ahead to pioneer the project; and four years later Virginia sent George Washington to build a fort at the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. The French, however, drove out the English workmen and built their own Fort Duchesne on the spot. Washington won the battle of Mountain Meadows; but was attacked at Fort Necessity, and had to make terms. . . . The French and Indian War ran its course. Then came the so-called Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the expedition led by Colonel Henry Bouquet which finally overcame the opposition of the Delawares and Wyandots and Shawnees.

With the war against the French won, however, King George refused to recognize the claims of the colonies to lands beyond the Alleghenies. And when in 1774, Parliament passed the Quebec Act, the fire of rebellion flamed high. But though the forces under George Rogers Clark finally conquered this Northwest Territory for the rebellious colonies, the recognition of our

independence brought further contention. A number of Eastern States had maintained claims to lands in the West; but those like Maryland which had no such claims refused to ratify the Articles of Confederation unless these western lands were turned over to the Union rather than to the individual States. This was finally done, with the exception of a strip along Lake Erie known as the Western Reserve which was held by Connecticut until 1800, and a tract along the Little Miami retained by Virginia for settlement by her veteran soldiers.

It was in 1786 that the second Ohio Company was formed under the leadership of General Rufus Putnam—a sturdy character who had started life as a millwright but had served with distinction in the Revolution through his genius as a military engineer. The Company was composed for the most part of Revolutionary veterans and their families. And their landing from river barges near what is now Marietta (named for Marie Antoinette) constituted the first real settlement in the thriving State we know as Ohio.

Readers' Comment*

For Bigger Blue Books

FOR years I have never missed a copy of "BLUE BOOK" and have boosted it as the best fiction magazine on the market.

For the past few months it has not been available but I have now before me the "Special Canadian Edition" for the month of May. The complaint I have is that the "Canadian Edition" is cut down in size to sell for 15 cents instead of 25 cents as heretofore.

It must be that the Editors of BLUE BOOK think the Canadians are hard up and cannot afford to buy the complete magazine.

Yours for bigger BLUE BOOKS (they couldn't be better).

W. J. HAY

This special Canadian edition has been prepared, and is offered, to meet a regulation put in force some time ago by the Canadian Government—namely, that no American magazines will be admitted to Canada which contain more than 50 per cent of fiction. The regular edition of BLUE BOOK carries 75 or 80 per cent of fiction; and much as we esteem Canada and the Canadians, we could not see our way to changing the whole tradition and plan of the magazine to meet this regulation. In the hope, therefore, of maintaining contact with our Canadian friends, we have rearranged the contents of the magazine so that the fact articles appear in the first 64 pages—which constitute a unit on our printing presses. This unit, thus arranged, contains less than fifty per cent of fiction and so complies with Canadian requirements.

In this way we have been able to offer an edition in Canada. To our regret, this is abridged in content as described above. The curtailed price is in conformity with that abridgement. . . . We should be glad to have any further comments or suggestions from our Canadian readers.

—The Editor

*The Editors of BLUE BOOK are glad to receive letters of constructive criticism and suggestions; and for the ones we publish each month we will pay the writers ten dollars each.

Letters should not be longer than two hundred words; no letters can be returned and all will become property of McCall Corporation. They should be addressed: Editor of Letters, Blue Book Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York.

Special Canadian Edition BLUE BOOK

August, 1948

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Except for articles and stories of Real Experience, all stories and novels printed herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence

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Much Ado about

IF I had real brains in my noggin, instead of something resembling and with the approximate functional value of a waterlogged bath-sponge, I might have guessed what was going on. But then, if I had any brains, I wouldn't be working for the United States Patent Office as assistant to the Assistant Chief Clerk's Assistant. But I haven't, and I didn't, and I am—so to me it was all very confusing.

Maybe to you too? Judge for yourself. . . .

On the evening of Monday, June 28—get these dates straight; they're important—I worked overtime at my office. It was dark when finally I left the building which houses our collection of madmen's dreams: self-tying shoelaces, electric spectacle-defrosters, mechanical hat-tippers, and similar assorted monstrosities. My jalopy lurked in one corner of the deserted parking lot, as lonely as a Civil Rights Democrat in Mississippi. Or so I thought. Thus it was doubly surprising to feel and hear, as I stepped on the starter, the *ker-blang* of some myopic idiot plowing into my rear fender.

Like every normal American, I react like a seidlitz powder in water to any assault on my home town, my favorite ball-club or my auto. So even before the little bright stars stopped dancing before my eyes, I slammed open the door and scrambled forth to do battle with the goop who had jolted my coupé.

Now, mind you, I'm admitting I was dizzy. I'd been bounced like a dove-dancer's *derrière*, and I was dizzy enough to see double. Or even triple. But I *wasn't* dizzy enough to see what I actually saw. Nobody could be that dizzy.

The car playing crumple-crumple—who's-got-a-lawsuit with my mudguard was a small, closed job of oddly modernistic design. "Oddly," that is, even in this strange new atomic age, when you have to look twice to discover whether an automobile is charging you head-on or backing into you.

So far, so bad. It gets worse. There were two men in the car. At the wheel sat a goateed character garbed—so help me, Sir Walter Raleigh!—in the doublet and hose of the Elizabethan era. And beside the driver, straining forward to gawk at me with eyes as wild and saucerlike as my own, sat a guy who looked more like me than I do!



"We're actors," ad-libbed Pat, "and we're looking for a playwright friend

All this I glimpsed in a flash. There was time for no more. Even as I leaped forward, yelling in indignant outrage, the passenger bawled something to the driver, the man at the wheel twiddled something on the dashboard—and the curious vehicle was gone.

Yeah, that's right—gone! Vanished. Disappeared. *Pffft!* Like a week's salary in a crap game. And the only indication I had that the other car had ever sloughed me was my accordion-pleated fender. . . .

Well—so much for *that*. Call it hallucination if you want to. That's what Joyce considered it when I told her about it the next day. Joyce

Carter is the trim little bundle of curve and verve who takes dictation from me during office hours, and reverses the procedure at all other times.

"Disappeared?" she echoed incredulously. "You mean it just vanished into thin air?"

"The consistency of the atmosphere," I told her, "I didn't notice. But the car *did* disappear—*blooie!* Out like a cat at bedtime." And I shuddered. "It was eerie, Joyce. It makes a person suspect the existence of spirits."

"It does"—she nodded suspiciously—"indeed! What did you say was in this mysterious vehicle? A pink elephant and a green walrus?"

Pending

PAT PENDING'S LATEST AND MOST MARVELACEOUS INVENTUTION IS A TIME MACHINE, NO LESS—A NEAT LITTLE GADGET WHICH ENABLES HIM TO TAKE HIS FRIENDS BACK TO THE MERMAID TAVERN AND SOLVE THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

by NELSON BOND



of ours—a chap named Will Shakespeare. Do you happen to know him?"

"A man who looked enough like me to be my brother," I said with reproachful dignity, "and a guy wearing a pleated white sidewall tire around his throat."

"RUFF?" suggested Joyce.

"I don't know. He looked gentle enough, but—"

"I mean a neck ruff," said Joyce, "not roughneck. He must have been dressed for a masquerade ball. Men wore those things in the Seventeenth Century. Or was it the Fourteenth? Or maybe the Eighteenth?"

"I don't know for sure," I admitted. "But I've got a book that would tell us. 'Costume Through the Ages.' It's

in the museum library. Wait here a minute; I'll show you."

I trotted into the Model Museum, which connects with my cubbyhole. The hall wherein our department, inspired by a macabre sense of humor, exhibits the wackiest of the wildcat inventions registered with the Patent Office is a long, dark, shadowy room, dim as a Communist's logic. Thus what I saw—or *thought* I saw—is subject to doubt. But here are the facts:

There was no one in the room when I entered. I stumbled down a corridor, squinting in the gloom, and—

I bumped into a man!

I said, "Eee-yow!" and leaped nine feet higher than the price of butter.

He said, "Oops, sorry!"—and vanished! But not before I had noticed that (1) he sprouted a lush crop of chin rhubarb, (2) he had snatched the book I was searching for, and (3) he wore the overstuffed gym trunks males sported in the court of Good Queen Bess!

There comes a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood leads to the loony bin. I fled the museum, babbling as incoherently as a tongue-tied tobacco auctioneer, and Joyce tells me my face looked like the death-mask of a seasick zombie.

"This," she said sternly, after I had told her what had happened, "is beginning to get serious. Either you need a psychiatrist, or someone's been slugging your smokes with hashish. Tell me—does your cigarette taste different lately?"

"Believe me, Joyce," I pleaded, "it's not hallucination; it's prescience. It's some sort of warning; that's what it is. Some horrible fate is pending, and—"

"Oh, by the way," interrupted Joyce. "Speaking of *him*, you just got a telegram from him."

"Him? Who?"

"Pending. It came while you were in the museum. I don't exactly understand it. What does it mean?"

As the Victorian novels put it, well might she ask! For upon reading Pat's telegram, I emitted another groan that made all previous efforts sound like feeble imitations. The message from my crimson-thatched, buck-toothed friend Patrick Pending, who modestly acknowledges himself as "the greatest inventulator of all time," read:

SORRY I STARTLED YOU IN MUSEUM.
WILL COME TO YOUR APARTMENT THIS
EVENING AND EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

PAT.

The telegram had been sent from California. And it had been filed *two hours ago!*

At dinner I said to Joyce: "I don't get it! If he filed the telegram at two P.M., how could he know I was going to be scared at four?"

Joyce murmured: "Pat works in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform."

"And if he was actually in Los Angeles at two P.M.," I continued, "he can't *possibly* be at my apartment this evening."



He said, "Oops, sorry!"—and vanished! But not before I had noticed that he had snatched the book I was searching for.

"In the bright lexicon of Pending," offered Joyce, "there is no such word as fail."

"Save one of those bromides," I told her, "and I'll take it in water. I'm going to need it. No man can violate the physical laws of the universe."

"Pat," said Joyce, "is like the bumblebee who does not know he is structurally incapable of flight—so he flies."

"Okay," I granted. "Pat's just stupid enough to invent brilliant novelities in the field of science and physics. But there's a matter of *time* involved here. The fastest commercial airliners take almost a day from the West Coast to the East. Unless Pat's come up with some new type of supersonic airplane—"

"Anything is possible," asserted Joyce, "to the man who invented the bacular clock, the periscope and the transmatter. Pay the waiter, darling, and smooth the washboard off your brow. We've got to get over to your apartment to meet Pat."

So I did—in something of a daze. Oh, happy daze! For did you notice

what she called me? "Darling" is a long step in the right direction from the "Mr. Mallory" Joyce used to call me, and another step altarward from the "Don" I usually hear.

So we went to my apartment. Among a bedlam of quiz programs and slaughter stories I managed to tune in one radio station playing music recognizable as such, so we sat side by side on the sofa, watching the clock and waiting for the door-bell to ring. I held her hand in silent adoration, and Joyce held mine in self-defense. And we waited—and waited.

At eight o'clock I said: "He said 'evening,' didn't he? When does evening technically end, and night begin? I'm getting a little tired of just sitting here."

Joyce said: "You're cute when you scowl like that. You look so mean and grumpy. And you're not at all, really. In fact," she said, "you're rather nice—"

At nine o'clock I said: "Maybe he got his calendar shuffled? Maybe he meant tomorrow night?"

Joyce said: "He'll come tonight. I'll bet you."

"You're on!" I agreed. "A new bet at each fifteen-minute interval. The loser to kiss the winner. Agreed?"

At ten o'clock I said happily, "You lose again," and Joyce said uncertainly: "This *could* get monotonous. But somehow it isn't—"

At eleven I said, "I hope he *never* gets here!" and Joyce said dreamily, "Who?"

At full midnight Joyce whispered, "Well, darling—you win again," and I said, "I'll collect later. I'm still working on our eleven-thirty bet." And a voice said: "Oh, pardon *me*! I hope I'm not intruding?"

Joyce and I sprang apart like the works of a watch in a small boy's hands. Standing beside us, face as scarlet as his unruly mop of hair, air-cooled incisors gleaming in an apologetic grin, was our puzzling friend Patrick Pending.

I yelled: "Pat, you old naughty word!" and gave his paw the Brother

Elk treatment. Then I said: "But how did you get in here? I didn't leave the door unlatched."

"Oh," said Pat airily, "I landed in your bedroom." And he frowned. "I'm afraid I scratched your bed," he apologized. "I miscalculated the parking space by an inch or so, and my fender nicked the footboard."

I stared at him blankly. "Would you give that the once-over lightly? The words are plain enough, but they don't make sense. It sounds as if you're trying to say you drove a car into my apartment!"

Pat nodded. "That's right. My automobile."

Joyce gasped: "But Pat, that's impossible! We're on the third floor. You couldn't possibly drive an automobile up three flights of stairs—"

"An automobile, no," agreed Pending. "But I didn't say automobile; I said *autimobile*. Here—I'll show you."

He led the way into my bedroom—where, cozily parked between my bunk and my bureau, stood a strangely familiar vehicle. I took one startled look at it and croaked: "Joyce—that's it! The car that hit me last night!"

Pat shook his head. "You must be mistaken. My car was in California last night. In fact, until just a few minutes ago. I'm sorry I was late, but a tube blew in my transtemporal disemogrifier, and—"

"Hold it," interrupted Joyce, "right there! Did you say you were in California a few minutes ago?"

Patrick nodded. Joyce stared. I reached for the phone.

"Take it easy, chum," I said soothingly, "and don't get excited. The nice strong men in the clean white jackets will be here in no time. And I'm sure you'll like your new home—once you get used to the upholstered walls."

Pat said in some exasperation: "Will you two stop looking at me as if I had leprosy, and let me explain? Sure, I was in California until a few minutes ago. And of course I landed right here in your bedroom. What I've been trying to tell you is that my new inventulation is not an automobile—it's an *autimobile*. A car that travels forward and backward in *time*!"

I spun the telephone dial. I had barely yammered out: "Operance, operance, send me an ambulator!" when Joyce grabbed the sanity-saving device from my hands and placed it back in its cradle.

"Don, I told you Pat would have a perfectly logical explanation for everything that's happened," she said. "Now calm down, and let's listen to him."

"Calm down?" I protested in dignified tones. "Who's excited? Not I! I'm as cuke as a coolcumber—I mean as cumb as a cucooler—I mean—"

"Go ahead, Pat," urged my gal Friday and every other day in the week. "Bypass this rut in the roadbed of progress, and tell me what it's all about. You really *have* invented a workable time machine?"

Pat gestured proudly toward the vehicle before us.

"There it stands! And it works! I've been forward as far as week after next, and backward to the French Revolution. Folks, this is my crowning achievement. It's greater than the typewriter, the phonograph, the thousands of other magnifular inventulations on which my name is inscribed—"

I cut him short. I've grown just a little weary of hearing my Erin-pussed pal grab the glory for *all* inventions bearing the magic legend: *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Pat. Pending*. I said: "Pat, what you claim is impossible on the face of it! Even supposing a time machine *could* be created—and I'm not even granting that, yet—how could you, a Twentieth Century human, visit Eighteenth Century France? Wouldn't your genes, or cells, or whatever go to make up Patrick Pending in 1948, revert to whatever they were at that earlier date, and cause you to split like a U.N. parley?"

"Not at all," denied Pending. "The Pending who visits those earlier times is myself, the real I of now. All I do is transmodulate my corporeosity into the fourth dimension of space."

"The fourth dimension—" faltered Joyce.

"Time," grinned Pat. "Everybody knows time is the fourth dimension of space."

"Include me," I murmured feebly, "out."

"I'll prove it to you," persisted Pat. "Suppose we agreed to meet at the corner of Front and Main Streets, but I was on the street level and you were on the third floor of an office building there? We wouldn't meet—for *height* is the third dimension of space, after extension and breadth."

"So far," conceded Joyce, "I follow you."

"And I'm hobbling along," I agreed.

"Very well. Then let's carry the analogy one step farther. Suppose we agreed to meet on the third floor of the office building at Front and Main, but I was there on Tuesday and you were there on Wednesday? We still wouldn't meet." Pat beamed triumphantly—"because *time* is the fourth dimension of space."

I stared at Joyce, and she at me. Finally I said: "Okay. It listens good. I've got a feeling there's a clinker that hasn't been shaken out of the grate, but I'll go along with your explanation pro tem—and also for the time being. But now we get to the jackpot question. What makes this contraption of yours work?"

"It travels," explained Pat, "not only on the roadways of the three dimensions *normal* cars follow, but along another possible route at right angles to each of the three you are familiar with. Get in. I'll show you what I mean."

Curious, Joyce and I climbed into the tiny vehicle. The dashboard panel looked in most respects like that of any auto. There were several additional dials, one of which was scored into a network of fine horizontal and vertical lines. "This is the tri-dimensional space indicator," said Pat. "I sets the control for the geographical area you wish to reach." A second gadget looked like a clock. Or rather, like a clock within a clock within a clock within a clock. It had no less than five distinct sets of double and single pointers.

"Seconds," said Pat nonchalantly, "minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, centuries. You see, in *this* car you not only have to know *where* you're going, but you must know *when*, as well."

"You set these clocks," asked Joyce, "for the time you want to visit; then—"

"Then simply start the motor," nodded Pat Pending, "and drive. That's right. I'll show you."

He reached for the time-control. I grabbed hastily at his hand.

"Hold it, chum! I've got just as much curiosity as the next man about the world of tomorrow—but I've got patience, too. If it's all the same to you, I'll wait and get my peep at the brave new world in the conventional manner."

"It's all right," soothed Pat. "I'm only going to jump five minutes, just to show you how my *autimobile* works. Notice the clock on your dressing-table."

WE looked. The hands stood at twelve-twenty. Pat pressed a button. The car motor whined. Pat set the pointer on the outermost dial a fraction of a degree, then smiled at us reassuringly.

"The gearshift is standard in all but one respect. It has a *special* movement at right angles to the dimensions of length, breadth and height. Since that is the dimension we're going to travel through—"

He took my hand in his, placed both on the knob of the gearshift. What happened then I couldn't really tell you; all I know is that my arm went through a motion—a new motion, a completely strange and utterly unfamiliar motion. It didn't turn, twist or strain; it sort of—well, sideslipped. You know what I mean? No, I guess not. Neither do I. But that's as close as I can come to explaining it.

At the same time, briefly, there swept through me a sudden giddiness. It passed as swiftly as it had come.

Then it and the motion stopped; Pat reached forward and cut the motor. Joyce and I stared at him.

"Well?" I demanded.

"What's the matter?" asked Joyce. "Did something go wrong?"

Pat grinned. "Look at the clock." We looked at my bedside clock. The hands stood at twelve twenty-five!

Of course we prodded him with questions. But it was a waste of time, energy and curiosity. For on most subjects Pat Pending is voluble, coherent and logical; but whenever he discusses his own inventions, or whenever he gets excited—and the two are practically synonymous—he does things to the mother tongue that wrench the tortured spirit of Noah Webster screaming out of its grave.

His pellucid explanation—and I use the word derisively—of the automobile's mechanism ran something like this:

"The electricaceous propensitivities of the horologular actuation are cor-regulated through a series of gears to a special quadriventatious eccentric shaft, which, of course, compels movement along hyperdimensional extensors."

"Sure!" I agreed. "Of course. But what I want to know is—how does it work?"

"I'm *telling* you," said Pat patiently. "The key to the whole thing is an understanding of basic interreboisities. Put it this way: when the impulsular motification is transmitted to the driving shaft, a wavacious divergence follows—"

"Or put it this way," interrupted Joyce in despair. "Granting that you *have* invented a great, new, mystifving gadget—what earthly use is it?"

"What use?" gasped Pat. "You can't see how important it is—how vitically important! Why, in my automobile men can visit time-to-be, study the improvements of the future and bring them back to *our* time. Historians can go back into the past and learn the truth about events on which facts are now unknown or confused."

"Is that," I demanded, "good?"

"Of course it's good."

"I'm not so sure," said Joyce thoughtfully. "Maybe there are some things we'd be better off *not* knowing."

"Such as?" challenged Pat.

"Well, I don't know, exactly. But it just seems—well, like meddling, that's all," said Joyce. "I don't think men should pry into things that don't concern them."

"But progress," argued Pat, "is the history of man. And history is the progress of man. If we can learn the truth about what has gone before, and what lies ahead, we can become a truly great civilization."

"I don't like it," insisted Joyce. "What's more, I don't believe that



Chickering.

"He's rustic, yes. But he even talks in iambic pentameter, you notice."

you *could* change anything, anyway. 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' That's Shakespeare."

"That's nonsense!" bridled Pat.

"**T**HAT'S enough!" I cut in. "Stop wrangling, you two; and let's be sensible about this. Pat, I agree with Joyce on all but one point. I believe, myself, it might be dangerous to go messing around into things that have already happened—and even more dangerous to play Peeping Tom on our descendants. So take my advice and forget this new plaything of yours. It can only lead to trouble."

"Which point?" demanded Joyce.

"Eh? What say, sugarplum?"

"You said you agree with me on all but one point."

"Oh, that? Nothing important. Simply that you accredited your quotation to Shakespeare, that's all."

"But," said Joyce, "Shakespeare *did* write it."

"That," I nodded wearily, "is what the public thinks. Actually, it wasn't Shakespeare at all. Will Shakespeare, the so-called Bard of Avon, was nothing but a broken-down, semi-literate stagehand at the Globe Theater. Everyone who's ever studied the facts knows that the plays printed under his name were really written by Sir Francis Bacon."

Joyce stared at me.

"What? You don't mean to say you *believe* that silly Baconian theory?"

"But of course! What else can an intelligent person believe? The works commonly attributed to Shakespeare are the creations of a cultured man; a traveled man with a wide background and experience, a learned man with a knowledge of law, philosophy, languages—"

"Why, that's the most preposterous thing I've ever heard!" sniffed Joyce. "I've read Bacon's Essays—well, some of them, anyway—and the stuffed shirt who created those dry, musty exercises



in logic couldn't possibly have written the human dramas of Shakespeare."

I said: "Now, take it easy, lamby-pie! There's no sense in getting excited over it. It's just a little difference of opinion that doesn't matter. And neither of us could ever prove our point to the other one, anyway—"

"Suppose," interposed Pending suddenly, "you could?"

"Why, then," I grinned, "Joyce would have to admit I am right, and—"

"No, wait!" said Pat. "I mean—you wanted to know what earthly use my automobile was. Well, here's my chance to show you. Don't you realize—we can go back into the past and find out who wrote the Shakespearean plays!"

I said: "Oh, no!" I said: "For Pete's sake, Pat, be sensible! If you think for one minute I'm going to vagabond down the corridors of time to the Elizabethan Era—"

But Joyce's eyes were glowing.

"Why, Pat!" she cried. "That's a marvelous ideal!"

"We'll go back to Shakespeare's time—" said Pat.

"Meet the immortal bard himself—" crowed Joyce.

"Get the true facts for posterity—"

"Force Don to apologize—"

"And curfew," I chimed in disgustedly, "shall not ring tonight. Don't you two nitwits realize what would happen if you pulled any such hare-brained stunt? History is based on

cause and effect. Shakespeare never met us during his life. If we go back and force ourselves into his personal history, we may throw the whole thing out of whack. The history of the entire world may be changed from that day to the present."

"Unlikely," said Pat. "As I told you, I've already visited several periods of the past—"

"But you didn't stop to talk with the people, did you? No—I thought not. Play it safe, chum! If we pulled this stunt, you and Joyce and—perish forbid!—I might automatically cease to exist, the background which created us having been altered on the pages of time. I, for one, have no desire to be blown out like a candle at the very unripe age of—"

"Mister Mallory," interjected Joyce frigidly, "am I to understand you are afraid of this gallant undertaking?"

"The gallantry," I conceded, "appeals to me. But I look askance at the word 'undertaking'—especially when I'm the party of the first part. And lay off that 'Mister' stuff, will you? I—"

"If there's anything I despise," said Joyce darkly, "it's a coward. Especially one who makes a brash statement, and then is too timid to try to back it up. Very well, Mister Mallory. If you haven't the courage to go back into the past with us, Pat and I will solve the literary puzzle of the ages without your help. So, if you'll leave us now, we will plan our expedition—"

I sighed and surrendered. "Okay," I groaned. "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for the public schooling system. Start calling me Don again, and I'll join your party. What wouldst we do now, prithee?"

"Well, now," began Joyce, smiling on me again, "here is my idea, darling—"

You bet love makes the world go round. And round. And round!

Joyce's plan was simple—and you may use any definition of that word you can find in Merriam-Webster. We were to travel in Pat's automobile to London, arriving in the year 1600. "A nice, round figure," said Joyce, "and I believe he was quite famous by that time."

"If he was sufficiently famous," I agreed, "by that time he probably had a nice round figure. The way those old-timers ate and drank—"

Joyce frowned me into silence. "We wouldn't want to frighten anyone, of course," she mused. "And since we have no idea where in London to find him, we'll have to stop and ask questions. I believe one of you men should dress in the fashion of the period."

"She's talking about you now," I told Pat. "I don't mind taking a

jerkin' around in this caper, but I don't intend to caper around in a jerkin. I suppose you can rent an outfit at one of those fancy-dress shops?"

"Rent one?" grinned Pat. "Poof! Watch this!"

He climbed into his car, set a few dials, started the motor and vanished. Two minutes later he reappeared, clad in the wanted garments. He had, he said, been in the deserted shop *next Sunday* for an hour or so, trying on clothes. But when returning, the dials had been set to bring him back to us only a few seconds after his departure.

"You spent an hour," I bleated feebly, "yet you came back in two minutes? I don't get it! Isn't that hour an hour out of your life? How come?"

"A common mistake," smiled Pat condescendingly. "You think of time as a real thing. It's not. It's merely a measure of duration. By contravening the time-warp, I adapt it to my needs. The hour I spent next Sunday won't happen *until* then, and I'll be busy then doing something else—"

"Skip it!" I pleaded. "You're wasting your breath and my patience. Just one thing, though: Don't ever make a mistake in setting those dials, or some day you'll get back before you start. Then what will happen?"

Pat grinned.

"The biggest and loudest explodulation," he acknowledged, "in the history of mankind. You see, *that* would be a violation of the principle that two identuous solids can't occupy the same space at the same time."

I shuddered.

"Then we've got to be careful not only *when* we land but *where* we land in 1600? If we should solidify in the middle of a brick wall, or something—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Pat. "The automobile is equipped with a viewer to let us know where it is safe to land." He preened himself. "How do I look?"

"Er—nice," said Joyce dubiously.

"Awful!" I observed more frankly. "Those legs of yours in long stockings—"

"The ruff," complained Pat, "tickles. And I wasn't sure how to lace these whatchamaycallits. Apparently the men of that era didn't use buttons. You like the beard?"

"It has its points. One of which is that it hides part of your face. Now, about that outfit. If you're not sure of it, I have a book at my office. It's called 'Costume Through the Ages.' If you'd like to see it—"

"Don," began Joyce, "that book! You remember?"

"Good!" exclaimed Pending. "That is just the thing. Let's get it. Hop in!"

We clambered into the automobile, and Pat spun the dials. As he started

the motor, "I set the time," he grinned, "for last night. And the place for the parking lot outside your office building."

"You—*what*?" I gulped, suddenly remembering. "Oh, no, Pat! That's how my car got—"

Ker-blanc!

I spoke too late. The trip was over and the automobile was standing in the parking lot with its front bumper cozily nestled in the corrugated mud-guard of my coupé. And I lived through the same scene for the second time—this time from the other side. As in a dream, I saw myself leap from the other car and charge toward us, yelling in indignant outrage. I cried, "Pat! Get out of here—*quick!*" and Pat twiddled something on the dashboard.

And that was that. History had repeated itself—and at last I had an explanation for last night's mystery.

You know what happened next, of course. Pat reset the dials and drove the automobile to the Model Museum, where, as you've guessed, just as he picked up the book we wanted, he bumped into me—that is, the *other* me, the me of yesterday afternoon.

Incidentally, Pat *didn't* disappear, as I had earlier thought. The plain and shameful truth of the matter is that upon seeing him, I had passed out colder than a ditchdigger's hands in Siberia. Which accounts for Mystery Number Two on the preceding day's hit-and-miss parade.

I don't want to confuse you any further, but to tie up the last loose end—it was Pat's idea that since I would not see him until *tonight*, he should apologize in advance for the disturbance we had created. Therefore we zipped over to Pat's California home and filed a telegram, telling me that I'd see him later on. I was with him when he wrote the message, but since that was *now*, and I would get the message *yesterday*—

Oh, brother, pass the aspirin! Does it make sense to you? Me, neither! So let's get on with the story.

Pat spent a few minutes with my Rand-McNally atlas, getting the precise geographical location of London, then another few minutes setting the doogummy on his dash panel which would direct our vehicle to that segment in space. While he was doing this, Joyce rummaged through my bookcase and found a one-volume edition of the complete works of Shakespeare.

"We'll take this," she announced, "with us. It may help us in determining which of the two men wrote the plays. Not that there's any doubt in my mind."

"That right?" I said archly. "Well, prepare yourself for a shock, my pigeon."

"I've already had one," said Joyce, "when I found this in your library. It looked just a *little* out of place between 'Hecate County' and the Kinsey report. Which is your favorite play?"

"Hambeth," I replied promptly, "or Maclet. I like 'em equally well."

"Judging from the dust on this book," sniffed Joyce, "I would have thought it was *Julius Sneezer*. Well, Pat? Are you ready to start?"

"All set," said Pat. "Climb in."

We took our places in the automobile. Pat pressed the starter. Again we heard that weird whine of the motor, again experienced that curious moment of vertigo as the car slipped down strange roadways along another space dimension. This time, with Pat, I watched the curious image reflected in what I had previously believed to be a normal rear-vision mirror, but now knew to be Pat's "viewer" of the scene we were to visit. Its clear crystal danced with alternate flickerings of light and dark—swiftly, at first, then more slowly as the hands on the dials approached the settings Pat had determined.

Finally a picture grew clearer. The wavering background of a cobbled street lined with buildings strengthened and became constant. Upon it, the movement was inconstant and frightening. A galaxy of fretful figures—men, women, horses, carriages—darted back and forth with bewildering speed across the pane of our vision. Joyce must have made some murmur of dismay, for Pat grinned at her.

"It's all right," he reassured us. "We're slowing down, that's all. We've made the big leap to the proper era. Now we're moving at the rate of a week per second, searching for a favorable spot and time to land."

"I think," he continued, "it would be best to land at night. And the center of this street should be ideal—"

He touched levers delicately. Darkness overspread the visionplate. The motor sighed into silence. There was a tiny, grating jar as the automobile set its wheels once more on terra firma, and:

"Welcome," greeted Pat Pending triumphantly, "to London of the year 1600 A.D.!"

THE next part could be boring. I'll try to keep it from being so by telescoping the activity of several hours into a few words.

The plain and startling truth of the matter is this: in an era wherein his fame was supposed to have equaled that of any living man, and in a city which was supposed to have rung with his praises—we could not find a person who had ever heard of William Shakespeare!

There were not many people on the streets to begin with. I'll grant that.

*Illustrated
by Charles
Chickering*



"Get in," invited Pat. "I'll show you how it operates; I'll give you one of those five-minute sample rides."

During the period Pending vainly attempted to learn where Master Will hung his hat, we saw less than a dozen persons, and those few scurried along the dimly lighted streets with the furtive anxiety of socialites caught in a gambling raid. Of each of these Pat asked the question; "Do you know Will Shakespeare, the playwright?" And of each he received the same answer: a swift, muted shake of the head, a worried, suspicious glance, then a hasty departure.

Once a van or a huckster's cart passed, and of its two occupants Pat demanded the same query. The driver paused and his companion stopped ringing his bell long enough to ask: "What want ye of him? Is he alive?"

"Alive!" bawled Pat. "Of course he's alive! He's the greatest man in London today!"

"Then ask another of him," came the reply. "Ask not us! We deal in humbler traffic."

Whereupon both idiots roared as at some monstrously funny private joke, and their cart rumbled on down the street.

Joyce asked: "Pat—could we have made a mistake in time? Are you sure this is the proper year?"

"It should be: Of course," conceded Pat, "my controls are not perfectly accurate yet. But on the evidence of earlier experiments I'd say

they were accurate within—oh, a range of two per cent."

"And after all," I pointed out, "you'd hardly expect the kind of people we've been asking to know a dramatist, anyway. Maybe we're not reaching the right people. Where did Shakespeare hang out in his off hours? Seems to me like I've heard of a place called the Mermaid Tavern—"

"That's right!" Pat's face brightened. "Everyone there would know him. And we should be able to find the Mermaid without any trouble. Hey, you! I mean: *Avaunt ye!*"

This time we hit the jackpot. The stranger he accosted directed us to the Mermaid Tavern without the slightest hesitation.

DESPITE the lateness of the hour, the Mermaid was wide awake and doing a roaring business. And I *do* mean roaring! Joyce and I could not resist the urge to see, in its heyday, Elizabethan England's most famous guzzling joint; so taking advantage of the era's primitive illumination (or lack of same) we followed Patrick into the inn.

What we expected to see, I do not really know. My knowledge of the period is strictly limited. I think I had some vague notion of watching Kit Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter

Raleigh and John Donne knocking off a rubber of contract while Beaumont and Fletcher kibitzed; but Joyce has since told me that in the year of our adventure Jonson hung out at another grog-shop called the Devil's Tavern, Raleigh was on the high seas battling the Spanish, while Beaumont was just a youngster. So if there were any celebrities present, we didn't know them. And as for results—our inquiries brought the same puzzled frowns we'd seen on the faces of our previous questionees. To each and every one the name of William Shakespeare was a meaningless blank.

Until, at last, our persistent questioning attracted the attention of the innkeeper himself. That worthy waddled to us, started mildly as he noted the clothing worn by Joyce and myself, and asked: "Who are ye, strangers? And wherefore this strange apparel?"

"We're actors," ad-libbed Pat in a burst of inspiration, "and we're looking for a playwright friend of ours—a chap named Will Shakespeare. Do you happen to know him?"

"Actors, eh?" grunted the innkeeper. "Marry, and 'twould be a treat to see the comedy in which you'd play, me-thinks. Those costumes—" He shook his head. "But I know no playwright of the name you mention. Yet, stay! It strikes me—yes, there is a stable-hand, ticket-taker and bit player with

Lord Strange's men whose name, I recall, is of some such strangeness. Shakesstick or Breakspear, or whatever 'tis. We call him Dirty Will. Could he, by chance, be the one for whom you seek?"

"Oh, no!" cried Joyce. "Oh, no! The immortal Bard a stablehand? The songster of Avon called 'Dirty Will'? Impossible!"

But it wasn't. He was!

WE found him where the tavern-keeper had told us we might: in a sleeping-loft over the carriage-house of the theater used by Lord Strange's company when that troupe of traveling mimes played London.

To say our arrival surprised him would be like saying a cloudburst is moist. When, automobile and all, we appeared beside his pallet, waking him from a sound sleep, he turned three shades whiter than the undershirt in which he slept. Which, come to think of it, wasn't such an accomplishment. Not without some coöperation on his part had Master William Shakespeare earned the sobriquet of Dirty Will.

We stared at him with mingled feelings. Joyce was frankly dismayed; I was secretly delighted, because it was a foregone conclusion that this tousle-headed rustic could not be the author of the plays bearing his name. Pat was—well, Pat was simply Pat, as ever: Friendly, urbane, cheerful.

He said: "Hello. Your name is Shakespeare?"

"Forsooth," stammered our quarry, "I do confess that is my name. But who be ye, so clad in raiment strange, that know and call me thus?"

"We'll explain," Pat told him, "in a moment. First, though, we want to know one thing. Are you William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon?"

A look of panic overspread the other's face.

"Oh, lackaday!" he cried. "So that be why ye come? Hearken, good folk, I swear 'twas not my fault! I bid you ask the maid; 'twas her idea. In solemn truth I vow, I touched her not except her willing lips did me invite—"

I coughed, both to silence him and to cover my own embarrassment. "Don't look now," I murmured, "but methinks we've unearthed the wraith of an Elizabethan scandal. Pat, get to the point before this cluck gets clinical."

Pat said: "Golly, it seems to me we've found out, already, what we wanted to know. He couldn't have written them. Maybe we should go look up Sir Francis Bacon now?"

"Wait a minute!" ordered Joyce. "I'm not so sure about that. He's rustic, yes. And uncouth. But he has an air about him. And he even talks in iambic pentameter, you notice."

I noticed, as Shakespeare babbled on:

"—and as for silver plate, God smite me dead if e'er I took from out its proper place one single piece, as foes do me accuse. A beggar I, in rags and wrappings dress't; yet never thief; thereto I stand confess't!"

"Hmmp!" I grunted. "And in rhymed couplets as well! Maybe you are right, Joyce. I wonder—Shakespeare?"

"Aye, master?"

"One more question. Are you or are you not a playwright?"

The look of fearful anxiety left his eyes, and was replaced with one of pleased gratification.

"Why, marry, good sir," quoth he, "and 'tis true I have dabbled in the art of theater. Mayhap you have heard of my, alas, as yet unpublished play, 'The Contention of York and Lancaster?'"

"'The Contention of'—hold everything, pal! Is that the only thing you've ever written? Didn't you ever knock out a little piece called 'Romeo and Juliet', for instance? Or one called 'All's Well that Ends—'"

"York and Lancaster!" exploded Joyce. "York and—but of course! That was the first effort, the earliest experimental effort. Parts of it he used later in 'Henry VII' Pat! Don! This is our man! We're just here too early, that's the trouble. Master Will, tell me—"

"Aye, milady?"

"Quickly, now. What year is it?"

"What year, milady? But surely all men know 'tis the Year of Grace 1592?"

"You see? 1592! We're eight years earlier than we meant to be. Pat, you admitted your controls were not quite perfect."

"That's right," conceded Pending. "There could be that much deviation over a three-hundred-fifty year period. No wonder no one knew Shakespeare. He had not yet written the plays that made him famous."

"And he never did!" I stormed. "Look at the goon! I tell you, it's absolutely impossible a schmo like this could write great literature. Now, if you want to meet a genius, let's go call on Bacon. There is the 'lad who—'"

"Prithee," interrupted Shakespeare timidly, "I beg your leave, fair folk, to speak? This talk of years and fame—what doth it mean?"

"Simply," said Pending solemnly, "that a few years from now, Willy, old son, you are going to be a big shot."

"Big," repeated Shakespeare wonderingly, "shot? I know the words; their meaning I know not. I trust you do not mean by force of arms I am of life and breath to be bereft?"

Pat chuckled.

"Nothing like that. I simply mean that this year you'll revise your 'Contention of York and Lancaster' into a

play entitled 'Henry VI.' That will be a success, and you will be embarked on a great career. Next year you'll write 'Richard III,' 'Edward III,' and 'A Comedy of Errors.' The year after that—"

"Od's blood!" gasped Master Will. "'Tis sorcery! How could you know there resteth in my mind the thought of writing for the creaking boards a drama on the life of Richard Third?"

"Because we," explained Pat, "have come back from a future wherein your fame is assured, and the basic facts of your history are known. We came in this machine."

He pointed to the automobile. Shakespeare looked at it, approached it, touched it gingerly.

"Get in," invited Pat. "I'll show you how it operates." Aside to us, he said: "I'll give him one of those five-minute sample rides like the one I gave you in Don's apartment."

We all climbed aboard; Shakespeare fearfully, the rest of us with the confidence born of experience. Pat went into his routine.

"I'm only going to jump five minutes, just to show you how it works. Look at that alarm cl—oops, sorry!" He climbed from the driver's seat. "No alarm clocks in your era, eh, Willy? Well, I'll light this candle. Then we'll take a ride of one second's duration—after which you will find the candle half burned away—"

PAT struck a match as he spoke, touched it to the wick of a candle. Shakespeare, eyes like moons, was staring at the gadgets on the dashboard.

"'Swounds!" he marveled, "and knew I not the truth that all this day hath passed my lips no drop of spirits, I would vow that I am mad."

"These mad devices," he continued, "chill my very soul! What is their dreadful meaning? What, forsooth, the purpose of this diabolic stick?"

As he spoke, he touched the starting lever. Even as I yowled sudden protest and warning, the motor's familiar whine throbbed in our ears. The room in which we had stood snuffed out like the candle Pat had been engaged in lighting, and the vision plate began to dance with alternate dark-and-light flickerings that denoted passage through time!

"Don!" screamed Joyce. "Don, for heaven's sake—do something! He's started the car!"

"Easy, sugarpie!" I soothed her, wishing I could do the same thing for the cold churning in my own tummy. "Easy does it. There's nothing to be alarmed at. I've watched Pat do this three times now. I think I can handle the gadgets."

"Move over, stupid," I ordered Will Shakespeare, sometime Bard of Avon, who was just now a very badly frightened bird of *avion*. "Keep your mitts

off those controls, and let me jockey this crate back to the status which is quo—"

Carefully I reset the dials to the place Pat had set them originally—I hoped. Then I stopped the flight of the vehicle in what I guess was the Roman occupation period of Britain, because a guy with a spike-topped brass cuspidor on his head screamed, "*Sancta bos! Qua fecit?*" and fled when we suddenly appeared before him. After that I reversed the movement and—whisk! We were back in Shakespeare's room.

BUT what a room! What a change! What a stunning surprise! For no longer was the room a mere sleeping-loft over the carriage-house of a theater. Now it was a clean, beautifully furnished apartment, hung with fine draperies in excellent taste, softly carpeted with Oriental rugs, equipped with everything a man of culture, refinement and wealth could possibly buy in Elizabethan England.

"Oh-oh!" I gasped. "There must be some mistake!"

But there was no mistake. For the man rushing to meet us—the man who at our arrival had been seated at the rosewood desk, transcribing something from a book to sheets of paper, was Pat.

"Joyce!" he shouted. "Don! Thank the Lord you've come back! Where have you been?"

"Who—us?" I stammered. "Why, we—we just took a little stroll down to the Eighth or Ninth Century. But—but what's been going on here? How did you change the dump so quickly, and in so short a time? We've only been gone for about five or ten minutes—"

"Five or ten minutes!" moaned Pat. "Five or ten minutes? I've been marooned here in London for almost three years!"

IT was the setting of the dials, of course. That and the fact that, as Pat now freely and a bit fearfully admitted, those same dials were far from dependable—except in very rough estimates.

We had left Pat in Shakespeare's apartment in 1592. We had been gone only five or ten minutes of *actual* time—if there exists such a thing!—but our controls had brought us back to the year 1595.

I said, aghast: "But Pat—I'll remedy that right away. I'll reset the dials and come back and pick you up at the moment this butterfingerted goof set us in motion—"

"No," said Pat hastily, "never mind. I don't want to take any chances on losing you forever. Anyway, I don't mind. I've enjoyed the experience of living in Sixteenth Century England. And I've had a lot of fun."

"And you've apparently," I said, eying the apartment, "made a little money, too! But how, Pat? How did you earn a living?"

Pat grinned slyly. "Can't you guess?"

"Later," interrupted Joyce impatiently. "There's something else of more importance. Pat—by now you know the answer. Shakespeare wasn't here, so I know, now, that I was wrong. But—was Don right? Did Bacon write the Shakespearean plays?"

"No," said Pat.

"Essex, then?" I hazarded. "Some people say—"

"No," said Pat. "Not Essex, either."

"Southampton? But that hardly seems—"

"Gracious!" exploded Pat. "Isn't it as plain as the nose on your face? I wrote the Shakespearean plays!"

"You!" cried Joyce and I together.

"Of course. Out of this book—"

He patted fondly the volume we had brought with us. "That's how I earned my living."

"Willy," he said, turning to the gaping Shakespeare, "you're a wealthy and a respected man. Now, if you're a smart man, as well, you'll pick up the thread of your career where I'm dropping it. Here—" He handed Shakespeare the volume. "Here's your gift to posterity. Turn 'em out in the years the book tells you to—and when you've written the last one, retire to your old home in Stratford. No one will ever be the wiser—and your name will ring forever down the corridors of time. Can do?"

"Marry," faltered the dazed Shakespeare, "'tis all uncommon strange, I vow. But I will do thy bidding, anyhow!"

"Okay," grinned Pat. "Then we'll be shoving along. So long, chum, and good luck. There's milk and



"Marry," faltered the dazed Shakespeare, "'tis all uncommon strange, I vow."

cheese in the icebox," he said as he climbed into the driver's seat, "and you owe Ben Jonson five guineas from a dice game."

"F-five guineas in the icebox," repeated Master Will. "And Ben Jonson owes me a cheese. In truth, I mark it well."

"And you'd better get shaved and dressed," remembered Pat. "You've got a date with a Dark Lady at midnight." He winked meaningfully as he adjusted the controls. "The sonnets you wrote her are in the upper right-hand pigeonhole of the desk. She likes to hear you read 'em as the candles gutter low."

"D—Dark Lady," repeated Shakespeare numbly. "Sonnets. Aye, friend, I hear, and—"

The motor whined; the room faded; and Shakespeare's England was but a memory.

AFTERWARD, in my apartment, Joyce said as we sipped Twentieth Century coffee and munched District of Columbia doughnuts: "I should have guessed it! I should have known it all the time!"

"Stop mumbling," I advised her. "Stop glowering—and stop keeping secrets. What should you have known all the time, my pet?"

"The plays," said Joyce darkly. "I should have realized Pat had something to do with them. You remember the text of 'Love's Labour Lost?' The mysterious word that has baffled scholars for centuries. *Honorificabilitudinitatibus!* Was there ever a more Pending-like word?"

Pat blushed and dunked a doughnut guiltily. "Well, I didn't rewrite the text *often*," he said. "Only when I got a particularly good idea—"

"There's the one thing I don't get," I said bluntly. "We went back into time to solve a problem—and we're stuck with one even more confusing."

"Which is?" queried Joyce.

"We know now that Bacon didn't write the plays," I conceded, "but neither did Shakespeare. Then *who* did?"

"I did," said Pat comfortably. "Another doughnut, please?"

"But the plays were already in existence," I fretted, "when we carried the volume to London. You just *copied* some, and Shakespeare copied the rest of them from a printed book!"

"Who," I demanded, "wrote that book in the first place?"

Pat smiled.

"There are more things under heaven and earth," he said placidly, "than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Another cup of coffee, please, Joyce? I'm starving. Do you realize I haven't had a bite to eat in over three hundred and fifty years?

"It's fantastical," sighed Pat Pending, "and outragular!"



Wahoo Goes Brave to

To tell the story of U.S.S. *Wahoo* properly, it is necessary also to tell the story of Mush Morton. More than any other individual man, Morton and his *Wahoo* showed the way to the brethren of the "Silent Service." He was positive, intolerant, quick to denounce inefficiency if he thought it existed; but he was precise by nature, absolutely fearless, and possessed of a burning desire to inflict damage upon the Japanese enemy.

Just why Morton felt that destruction of the Japanese merchant marine was his own private job will probably never be explained, for he and *Wahoo* sleep forever somewhere in the Sea of Japan. But all that is immortal of

both of them is indissolubly paired in the archives of a grateful (but forgetful) nation, and in the minds and hearts of a few men who knew them. To only a few was given the privilege of sharing their troubles, rejoicing over their victories, and grieving over the final silence. For Mush was a fighter down to the tips of his fingers, a fighter of a nature seldom found but who, happily, has come forward in this country whenever the need for him has arisen. Such a man was Andy Jackson, and such a man was John Paul Jones. For Morton was a crusader for the cause he cherished, and he held to his beliefs and attempted to prove their validity until, perhaps by some errant twist of fate, he

may have finally been done to death by them. He died, perhaps, believing that his message had not been received by those for whom it had been intended, perhaps with a bit of bitterness that he could convince no one to follow where he led—but he need not have worried, for after him came a host of names which, by their very fame, showed that his ideas had fallen upon fertile soil. *Trigger, Tang, Barb, Tirante, Harder*—these were some of his disciples, the school of "outthinking the enemy," the believers in the coldly logical evaluation of chances, followed by the furious, slashing attack, the devotees of the competition to bring back the most enemy ships.

THE BATTLE SAGA OF THE SUBMARINE "WAHOO" IS SOMETHING SPECIAL, FOR HER SKIPPER LIKED TO WAIT TILL A JAP DESTROYER GOT CLOSE BEFORE HE FIRED TORPEDOES "DOWN HIS THROAT."

by LT. COMDR. EDWARD L. BEACH, USN

command, except, perhaps, an almost fanatical determination to get the items of the refit completed and checked on time, so that there would be no unnecessary delay in starting upon his first patrol. He had some ideas—and was in a hurry to put them to the test; that was evident, and was not unusual among new skippers. Had the crew of *Wahoo* only known just what ideas were brewing in the head of their new skipper, there might have been some very worried glances exchanged among them.

Finally, on January 16, 1943, all repairs had been completed, and *Wahoo* was ready for sea for her third war patrol—Morton's first in command. On that day she got under way from Brisbane, Australia, in company with her escorting destroyer, and headed for the open sea. An escort, of course, was necessary, in view of the "shoot on sight" directive in effect with regard to a chance encounter with any submarine in those "friendly" waters. At nightfall on the first day of the patrol, the escort customarily departed, leaving the submarine completely on her own. This "lone wolf" situation was, indeed, much preferred by the undersea vessels and their crews, for it made them completely responsible for their own skins—an arrangement they were in no wise unaccustomed to.

But Morton was not one to let an opportunity for a little extra training slip away, and the patrol report bears the laconic notation that torpedo practice approaches were conducted upon the escorting vessel until sunset, at which time the destroyer turned back, leaving *Wahoo* to proceed alone.

As the last rays of the setting sun streaked the serene sky of evening, a dimmed light commenced to flash from the rapidly retreating form of the erstwhile escort—the customary signal made to all submarines proceeding on patrol: "Good luck. . . . Good hunting!" Perhaps the captain of the destroyer wished that he too were able to fare forth on his own, like some ancient sea rover, to seek out the enemy. Undeniably there was always a strong element of romance at the sight of a small, lonely ship setting out into enemy dominated territory, sufficient unto herself alone, bravely inviting the worst the enemy had to offer, confident in her own ability to best him in all encounters. Eighty-odd men, locked up in a little steel shell, whose

lives were welded to a common fate, and dedicated to a common effort. Perhaps the destroyer skipper sensed this as he watched his signalman blink out his valedictory—perhaps Morton also felt a momentary flash of understanding, unspoken and unformed though it must have been in both cases. His answering message was equally curt and to the point, and was fully satisfactory, for it too was more implicit than explicit:

"Thank you!"

It wasn't long before the first plan churning around in the restless brain of the *Wahoo's* new captain became evident to the crew, now that need for secrecy had passed. It had recently become known that the Japanese had for some time been using a harbor known as Wewak as a major staging area. The location of this harbor was loosely determined to be somewhere on the northeast coast of New Guinea, but its position was known to our forces only approximately—that is, by whole numbers of latitude and longitude. No charts available to the Allied Forces showed for a certainty exactly which of all the poorly surveyed bays and possible harbors was actually Wewak. But to the fellow who could ferret out its location, and who had the fortitude and ability to do something about it, it presented an ideal opportunity to strike a telling blow at the enemy at an unexpected spot. In brief, Morton's plan was to find Wewak, enter the harbor unsuspected, and raise as much fuss as possible with what shipping he might find there.

The preparations he and his officers made for this little expedition were thoroughly characteristic of the man. The only chart available which showed even in vague degree the location of the looked-for harbor was contained in a school atlas of the area. Using a camera lens and the ship's signal light, a home-made projector was "rigged up" for the construction of a large tracing, which was figured to exactly the same scale as the regular ships' charts of that section of New Guinea.

Much study of the "Sailing Directions" and of other publications resulted in the accumulation of a considerable body of information which aided in the location of the correct spot. After several "round-table" dis-



Battle

No, Mush need not have worried, if indeed he thought about the matter at all. As it is with most men of his stamp, it is to be doubted whether his status as a crusader ever occurred to him. All he knew was that there was a certain way in which he felt the job ought to be done, and he would not have any truck with doing it in any other way. There is no question but that his search for perfection in his science brought about his undoing.

ON the last day of 1942, Lieutenant Commander Dudley W. Morton took command of the *Wahoo* at Brisbane, Australia. There was nothing particularly outstanding about the new skipper during the first few weeks of his

cussions had been held, the most likely area was selected, between and behind several small islands off the coast of New Guinea. A large-scale chart was then made upon which all pertinent information was shown, and that chart was the one Mush Morton proposed to use for his entry and egress.

All this time, *Wahoo* was proceeding at the best practicable speed toward the area where Wewak was known to be. It soon became evident to all on board that their new skipper was a bearcat, at least in so far as getting into action with the enemy was concerned!

And on January 24th, eight days out of Brisbane, *Wahoo* silently dived. At three-thirty in the morning, just a couple of miles north of the suspected anchorage. As dawn broke, her periscope made continuous and wary observations, as her plotting party carefully noted down all landmarks and other information which might aid the attack or the subsequent exit.

IF there had been any lingering doubts on board that submarine that the new skipper meant to follow through to the fullest degree with his daring plan, they must have by this time been dispelled, for he calmly ventured right into the anchorage area, avoiding as he did so a patrol of two anti-submarine torpedo boats which had just got under way for their daily sweep! Nothing was seen here, however, except a tiny tug and barge which Morton did not consider worth bothering with.

Some tripod masts seen on the far end of one of the islands excited his interest, for they might well have belonged to a ship, and possibly a warship at that! A fruitless attempt to circumnavigate this island was made, which was frustrated by a low-lying reef which connected it to the next one in the chain, thus effectively keeping *Wahoo* from getting completely around to the back side of it, where the masts in question had been spotted. It is hard to describe in mere words the situation Morton had deliberately got himself into. He had entered, submerged, in broad daylight, a suspected enemy harbor. He was in shallow water—a very bad place to be, if your presence is detected by the enemy. Moreover, there were enemy craft about, and in a position to do something about the submarine, once its presence did become known.

But the fact that there were two Japanese patrol vessels active on anti-submarine sweeps in the area, far from worrying Morton, actually encouraged him in the feeling that he had, indeed, found Wewak! So he spent the whole morning, quietly cruising about the harbor area, nosing (submerged, of course) into all the suspected and possible anchorages, one after the other.

By one o'clock he was becoming quite disgusted, for he had nothing to show for his pains except a tug, two *Chidori* class patrol boats, and some unidentified tripod masts which he was unable to approach, and which, later observations showed, had disappeared.

But at a few minutes after one P.M. the situation changed, though not, perhaps, in exactly the way Morton would have liked it to do: A ship was sighted about five miles farther in the harbor, apparently at anchor. She was too far away to be clearly made out, because of the mirage-like effect of the glassy-calm bay waters—which also forced *Wahoo* to expose only an inch or two of her periscope per observation, for fear of being sighted. At any rate, here was a ship, and, in Morton's book, that called for only one type of action.

Wahoo alters course, heads for the unknown ship. Two or three quick observations are taken, and the realization grows that this is a war vessel of some kind—perhaps, indeed, the source of the tripod masts seen in the early morning light. If so, their subsequent disappearance is explained. A few more observations, and the target is identified as a destroyer at anchor, with some smaller vessels alongside, apparently the tug and barge first sighted at dawn.

Now, one of Mush Morton's unorthodox ideas, later adopted to some degree in the submarine force, was to have his executive officer make the periscope observations, while he, the skipper, ran the approach, coordinated the receipt of information from sound, periscope, plotting parties and torpedo director. Thus, so ran his argument, the skipper is not apt to be distracted by watching the target's

maneuvers, and can make more carefully evaluated decisions upon the receipt of information from any one or all of the various sources available to him. But one really has to have the courage of one's convictions to carry out this stunt! And one also has to have an "exec" in whom one has complete confidence, and who can so work with his skipper that the two think and act together as one man, a perfect team. Fortunately, Morton had such a man in his executive officer, O'Kane. They had discussed and thoroughly planned how everything should be done in case a chance comes their way—and here it is!

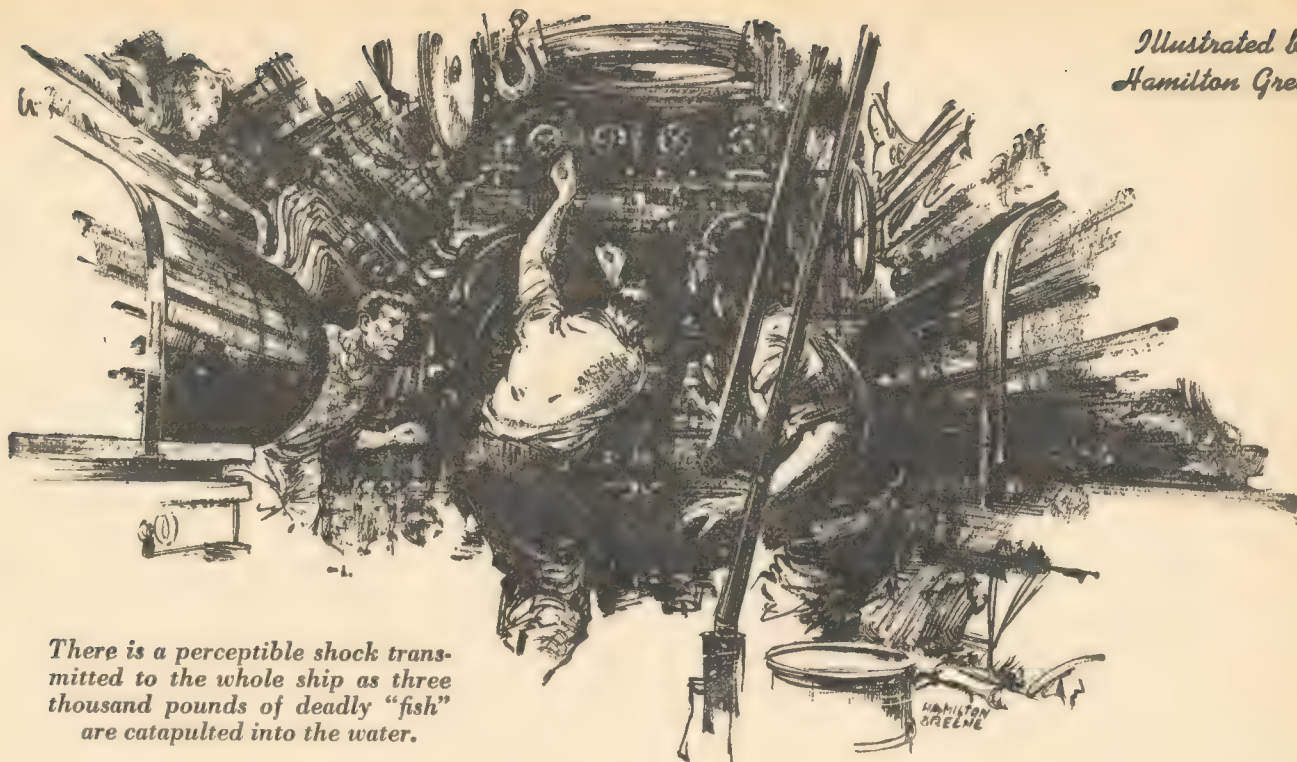
Battle Stations Submerged! The word is quietly passed through the ship. It certainly would not do to take a chance that that tin-can might just happen to keep a sound watch at anchor! No use blasting the poor old Jap sound man right off his stool with the musical clarion call of a United States Submarine calling its crew to General Quarters! If he's listening in these ideally quiet waters, let him sleep awhile longer!

O'Kane and Morton, of course, have been up in the conning-tower of *Wahoo* for hours, and have been taking alternate looks at their quarry. Now, however, O'Kane keeps the periscope, while Morton handles the rest of the attack details. The plan is to sneak up on him while he is still swinging around his hook, and to blast him right then and there. *Wahoo* will start shooting from about three thousand yards range. All is in readiness as the submarine creeps into position. Fully aware of the unprecedented risks they are taking, *Wahoo's* crew tensely stand to their stations. The temperature inside the ship wavers around one hundred degrees, for the air-conditioning plants have been shut down for some time, in order to avoid making unnecessary noise. As a concession to morale, however, and in the interests of having an at least bearable atmosphere inside the boat, the ventilation blowers and fans have been kept running—but now even these are stopped. A ship with all auxiliaries stopped can be quite eerily quiet, indeed, and it is with this unnatural, deadly quietness that *Wahoo* works into position for her attack.

"Up periscope! One more observation before we let him have it!" The voice is the skipper's. Obediently, Dick O'Kane, squatting before the periscope tube, motions with his thumbs for the periscope to start up, at the same time repeating the words, "Up periscope!" The scope had been lowered only barely beneath the surface of the water after the previous look, and therefore it is only a second or two before the eyepiece has risen out of the periscope well, and the executive officer has put his eye to it.



Wahoo alters course, heads for the unknown ship—a war vessel, perhaps.



There is a perceptible shock transmitted to the whole ship as three thousand pounds of deadly "fish" are catapulted into the water.

Rising slowly from his haunches as he follows the 'scope up, with his face glued to the rubber eyepiece, Dick sees only muddy water, greenish-yellow in cast, for a moment before the tip of the instrument breaks clear of the surface. Then bright sunlight strikes the objective lens of the periscope, and reflects in multicolored hues as the tiny rivulets of water drain swiftly off the glass. But O'Kane pays no attention to this beautiful phenomenon. His voice suddenly rasps out:

"**H**E's under way! Coming this way! Angle on the bow, ten port!"

"Right full rudder! Port ahead full!" The sharp voice of the skipper is almost instantaneous in the command. "Stand by aft!" You have to be quick in this business, if you expect to be good, or even if you hope to survive. Morton's intentions are immediately obvious to everyone: swing around to the right, and let him have a salvo from the stern tubes as he goes by. Still no thought of avoiding action. This ship, and this crew, will never again avoid action, so long as a chance of damaging the enemy remains!

"Dick! What speed do you give him?" Morton simply has to have this information. "Sound! Get a turn count on the target's screws as soon as you can!"

The sound man, intently watching his bearing dials as though, by divination they could give him the information sought, shakes his head even while, with one hand gently pounding his knee, he is attempting to count. O'Kane runs the 'scope down without

comment, then speaks over his shoulder.

"He's just got his anchor up, and he's speeding up. Not a chance of getting his speed!"

"Well, try again! We've got to have some idea of it!"

The periscope starts up again. O'Kane's voice: "He's zigged! To his left! Crossing our bow! Bearing-Mark!"

"Three-oh-three!"—this from the sailor intently watching the scribe marks on the periphery of the azimuth ring overhead, as the etched hairline on the periscope barrel matches that relative bearing.

Taking his right hand from the 'scope handles, Dick rapidly twirls a small knob near the bottom of the instrument. "Range-Mark!"

The same sailor, who has in the meantime shifted his attention to the range dials, also at the base of the periscope, sings out loudly: "Two-one-double-oh!"

"Down 'scope!"—and the precious and vital "eye" slips down into its well. "Give him fifteen knots, Captain. That's just a guess, though!"

Mush Morton has not been idle during this periscope observation period. He has canceled his previously ordered maneuver, and shifted preparations for shooting torpedoes to the forward torpedo room instead of the after room. He has also made a swift approximation of enemy speed, from the meager information he has. Swiftly he supervises the insertion of the new situation into the Torpedo Data Computer, familiarly known as the TDC. In a matter of seconds, *Wahoo*

is ready to fire with the third completely new set-up within that period.

"Sound bearings!" The command starts the chant of numbers from the sweating sound man.

"Three-two-oh! . . . Three-two-five! . . . Three-three-oh! . . . Three-four-oh! . . . Three-five-three!" It's difficult to stay on a target going by at such close range at such relatively high speed, and the sound man has his troubles, but he does the best he can.

"Stand by forward—Stand by one!"

All is in readiness. All is quiet. The skipper nods to his exec. "Give us the bearings, Dick!"

Up goes the periscope, once more. Firing torpedoes on sound bearings is not for Mush Morton, nor for *Wahoo*. To make your shots good, after all the trouble you've gone to to get yourself in trouble, requires that you get the target's exact bearing as shortly prior to shooting as possible. We'll take a chance on the sighting of our periscope! If we really can make them good, we won't have to worry whether or not he does see it!

"Bearing—Mark!"

"Three-five-eight!"

"Set!"—as the TDC operator reports that his target bearing agrees with that given by the periscope, or in other words, that he is at that precise instant "on the target."

THE short, clipped commands, the staccato syllables, are a natural result of the tension generated in the confined cylinder of the conning-tower—about twelve feet long by eight in diameter, where, during general quarters, ten men must work.

"Fire!" The skipper's voice booms out the command with an intensity which surprises even himself.

"Fire one!" repeats the firing-key operator, as he presses the firing-key, speaking into the sound power telephones as he does so. In the forward torpedo room, the torpedomen are standing intently by the tubes. The tube captain wears the telephones, and stands between the two banks of torpedo tubes, his eyes glued to his gauge board, his hand poised to fire the torpedo by hand if the solenoid firing mechanism fails to function electrically. But everything operates as it should, and as they really knew it would, after the long hours of loving care lavished upon each piece of the intricate mechanisms.

The click of the solenoid and the rush of air into the firing valve sound unnaturally loud in the stillness. The whine of the torpedo engine starting is heard momentarily as it leaves the tube, and there is a perceptible shock transmitted to the whole ship as three thousand pounds of deadly "fish" are catapulted out into the water. The pressure gauge for number one tube impulse air-flask dies rapidly down to zero, and just before it reaches the peg at the end of the dial, there is a sudden rush of air into the bilges under the tube nest, followed immediately by a heavy stream of water.

The chief torpedoman waits an agonizingly long time before he reaches up to a manifold of valves and levers, and selecting one, pulls it toward him. The roar of the water stops with a tremendous shuddering water hammer, and immediately a tall dark-haired sailor, stripped to the waist, commences energetically to turn a large chromium-plated crank attached to number one tube, thus closing the outer torpedo-tube door.

Up in the conning-tower, the firing-key operator has been counting to himself, holding down the firing-key as he does so; but suddenly he is interrupted by a report in his ear phones and sings out loudly: "Number one tube fired electrically!" He then releases his firing-key (which is actually a large brass knob fixed to the bulkhead beneath the "ready light" and selector switch panel), reaches to the selector switch for number one tube, turns it to "Off," and then, very precisely, turns the selector switch under the number "2" to "On."

In the meantime the TDC operator, who is the ship's gunnery and torpedo officer, has been watching a stop watch, and at the same time turning a crank set low in the face of the director before him, thus introducing "spread," and causing the successive torpedoes to follow slightly diverging tracks. When his stop watch indicates ten seconds after the first "fish" has been fired, he snaps crisply: "Fire!"

"Fire Two!" repeats the firing-key operator into his phones, pressing his brass knob. Again the lurch, felt as strongly in the conning-tower as up forward in the torpedo-room. Again the slight increase in air pressure within the submarine, as the poppet valve operates.

"Number two fired electrically!" reports the firing-key man.

Roger Paine, operating the TDC, waits until his stop watch again indicates ten seconds, and then repeats, "Fire!"

Again the shock; again the increase in air pressure. Three torpedoes are churning their way toward the as yet unsuspecting destroyer.

Cautiously Dick O'Kane runs up the periscope, looks through it intently as the wakes of three torpedoes, diverging thinly, fan out toward their target. Suddenly he curses, even before the torpedoes could have reached their goal. "They're going aft! The bastard has speeded up!"

At the selfsame instant, a report from the sound man, still trying valiantly to comply with the skipper's latest order: "Two hundred turns, sir!"

"That's eighteen knots!" says Morton. Then to Roger Paine: "Let's lead him a little bit. Set speed twenty knots!"

"Bearing—Mark!"—from O'Kane.

"Zero-one-zero!"

"Set!"

"Fire!"

A fourth torpedo heads for the enemy.

A cry from O'Kane—"Cease firing! He's seen the fish! He's turning away! Down 'scope!" The periscope starts down.

"Leave it up, by God!" Mush's voice has taken on a new quality, one not heretofore heard by the members of *Wahoo's* crew. A raging, fighting, furious voice. The voice of a man who will always dominate the fight, who will lead, and will conquer, or will most assuredly die in the attempt. Such a voice might have belonged to John Paul Jones, as he issued his immortal defiance to the enemy's query as to whether he had surrendered.

As the periscope stops its downward travel and starts up again, all eyes in the conning-tower instinctively turn toward their skipper. This is something entirely new and unorthodox. "Why, that will make sure he sees us, and will surely bring him right down on top of us! What can the Captain be thinking of?"

As if in answer to the unspoken thought, Morton speaks again, in the same reckless furious tone as before. "We'll give that so-and-so a point of aim, all right. Let him come after us! Wait till he gets close, and we'll blast that G—d— tin-can clean into kingdom come!"

As the full import of these words settles into the minds of his listeners, the atmosphere in the tiny compartment becomes absolutely electric! Striving to keep his voice calm, the telephone talker relays the plan of action to the rest of the ship, with the result that every man on board is apprised of it, and of course, aware of the most excruciating danger in which it places *Wahoo*. But credit these boys of the Silent Service with this much: Not one of them falters; not one quails; though some of them may be mentally saying their prayers, they go loyally through with their skipper, all the way.

Morton's plan is indeed unprecedented in submarine warfare, though some of his old cronies might have been able to indicate that such a scheme had not been thought up on the spur of the moment. He is going to remain at periscope depth, instead of going deep and trying to evade the working over with depth charges he has invited. He will, in addition, leave the periscope up, in plain view—it being broad daylight, remember—in order to make sure that the enemy destroyer knows exactly where the submarine is. Of course, seeing the periscope, the Jap will also know exactly what depth to set his charges. But as he rushes in to make what will certainly appear to him to be an unexplainably easy kill, *Wahoo's* bow will be kept pointed toward him, and at the last possible minute, so that he will not have a chance of avoiding it, a torpedo will be fired right down his throat!

THIS, rather obviously, is a pretty risky way to operate! Four torpedoes have already been fired, and there are only two more ready forward. All four after tubes, of course, are ready, but there is no time to turn the submarine around. So Morton is shooting the works with only two fish, and one of them had better hit the enemy or else it is going to be just too bad for *Wahoo*!

Grimly, Dick O'Kane hangs onto his periscope, watching the Jap ship complete its evasive maneuver, turning away and paralleling the last torpedo, and then, after it has safely passed by, turning around once more and heading for the source of the sudden attack. Smoke belches out of her stacks as her fire-rooms are called upon for full power. Around she comes, a full one hundred eighty degrees, until all that O'Kane can see is the sharp evil-looking bow of the destroyer, now rather fat in appearance, since that is the only part of the ship visible. The white froth thrown up by his speeding propellers can be seen on either side of the dark hull, and the bow lifts perceptibly higher out of water as the full power of the engines

commences to take effect. Men are racing around the decks, and fully one hundred of them take stations in various spots of the topside, on top of turrets and gun-shields, in the rigging, and along the rails on both sides of the bow.

SWEAT pours in streams off the face of the Executive Officer, as he stares through his periscope, watching what looks like certain destruction approaching. He is as one mesmerized by the awful portent of the view "topside," but he doesn't forget the primary mission he must accomplish. "I'm keeping right on his bow!" he growls. "Angle on the bow is zero! You can get a bearing any time!" Occasionally he twirls the range knob, and a range is fed into the TDC. Except for the terse bearings and ranges read by the quartermaster, whose job that is, and the Captain's directions to other members of the control party, all is as silent as the grave. The hoarse breathing of the ten men in the conning-tower sounds like the wheezing of so many broken-down old nags. The creak of the hull and the murmur of water slowly passing through the superstructure of the submarine suddenly become painfully evident. Each man becomes conscious of a drumming sound, and as he wonders what it is, realizes that it is only the racing beat of his own heart.

Morton and Paine together stare at their Torpedo Data Computer. In order to deny the enemy a chance of avoiding, they plan to fire at the last possible instant.

"Fifteen hundred yards"—from the quartermaster helping on the periscope. Paine looks inquiringly at his skipper. Surely he will fire now!

Morton's jaw muscles bulge, and his face assumes even more vividly than before that prizefighter expression which was to become well known—and even feared—by his crew. But his mouth remains clamped tightly shut, and not a sound does he utter.

The dials of the TDC whirl around. Fourteen hundred yards range!—thirteen hundred yards!—twelve hundred fifty!—twelve hundred!

The Captain's lips part at last, as the range reaches twelve hundred yards, and a roar bursts from him, as if pent up within him until there was no containing it longer—a roar of defiance, of hate, a veritable Wagnerian battle cry!

"Fire!"

Wahoo's fifth torpedo leaves the torpedo tube and starts its trip toward the rapidly approaching enemy. For the fifth time, the shock to the ship's structure and the hiss of air are heard. The intrepid men in their cylindrical steel prison feel a tightening of the suspense, the tension under which they are all laboring rises to a nearly un-



A hit—amidships! A dirty geyser of water breaks him exactly in half.

bearable, unbelievably high pitch. But O'Kane is still giving bearings, and the TDC dials are still racing around. Torpedo run for that fifth fish is estimated at about thirty-two seconds. Morton waits a full ten seconds, then, as the range dial registers eight hundred yards, for the sixth time, with a roaring snarl he spits out the word which is to bring death and destruction to all his enemies, and on the success of which his own fate and that of his ship depend:

"Fire!"

The sixth and last torpedo leaves its tube, bound on the same errand as the previous five.

Dick O'Kane continues to watch at the periscope. A curious feeling of relief, of actual detachment from the whole situation, exists within him. He now has the rôle of the spectator only, and there is nothing he or anyone else can do to change the outcome of events now. Except that he does make a mental reservation to pull the



'scope down if the torpedoes miss, so that the destroyer will not break it off as he passes overhead!

Two white streaks, almost merged into one, swiftly draw themselves in the murky water toward the onrushing Jap. Twenty seconds since the first one was fired! Suddenly Dick notices much activity on the bridge of the destroyer. She commences to heel to port, as her rudder is evidently put hard a-starboard. The first white streak is almost there now—is there, and goes on beyond, evidently a miss by a hair's-breadth. But the second white chalk-line is a little to the left of the first—it is almost there now—it is there—My God, we've missed! What? *Wham!* A hit—right amidships!

A dirty geyser of water rises right in the middle of the destroyer, breaks him exactly in half, holds him suspended there like a huge inverted V,

his bow slanted down to the right! The white-clad figures which had been seen crowded all over his topsides are tumbling ridiculously into the water, arms and legs flailing the air helplessly! A cloud of mingled smoke and steam billows out of the broken open portion of the stricken hull, rises hundreds of feet into the air, a continuation of the original geyser! Then, swiftly, the two halves separate, and each slides drunkenly beneath the once smooth surface of Wewak Harbor, now roiled up by the force of the explosion, and splashes from hundreds of particles of metal and other pieces of gear from the doomed vessel!

Within *Wahoo's* thick steel hull, the force of the explosion is simply terrific, something like a very close depth charge, and quite as heavy a blow as if the destroyer had actually succeeded in completing his depth charge run upon her. Some of her crew, in fact,

do believe they have received the first of a series of such depth charges. But in the conning-tower there is wild exultation! The camera is broken out from its stowage, where it is always kept ready for an opportunity such as this, and several pictures are made of the bow of the enemy vessel, which, by the time the camera can be made ready, is all that remains to be photographed!

Then, and not until then, *Wahoo* goes to deep submergence, which of course is never very deep in an anchorage, and starts out of the harbor, the entrance to which is more than nine miles distant! The trip out is punctuated by numerous shell-splashes on the surface of the water, sporadic bombing, and the patter of several distant machine guns. No doubt the Japs in the shore batteries would like to cause the undersea raider to lie "doggo" on the bottom until some



Next day, by way of diversion, Wahoo brought a woebegone fishing boat alongside, enticing it by shooting a stream of tommy-gun bullets across its bow.

further contact with the enemy. It is probably superfluous to point out that this gratuitous assistance was at the risk of their own lives, since these were enemy-controlled waters, known to be covered by Jap air patrols.

But there wasn't to be much rest for *Wahoo*, for the next morning, January 27th, smoke was sighted on the horizon. This was to be a red-letter day!

The minute smoke is sighted, or radar contact made, if at night, it is necessary to determine the approximate direction of movement of the contact. If this primary move is not made, it is possible that the submarine will track in the wrong direction, lose contact, and never regain it. This, of course, is *Wahoo's* first action. The bow of the ship is swung toward the smoke, and several successive bearings are taken. This takes time, for it is not easy to determine the direction of motion of a wind-blown cloud of smoke when the ship making it is not visible. You don't want it to be visible, either; for that might enable an alert lookout, high on one of the enemy's masts, to sight you.

HERE again the submarine's technique differs slightly from the ordinary pursuit. It is necessary to overtake the enemy, get completely around him, and finally get exactly in front of him, without his having sighted you. If the targets change course on you, you have to allow for that, anticipate it, or do your work all over again. You have to figure out the target's base course, his probable destination, and his approximate zigzag plan; then you dive dead ahead of him, and wait for him to come along.

This is the procedure followed by *Wahoo* in this instance. The smoke resolves itself into two freighters on a steady course, no zigzag—which makes the problem easier. Shortly before nine in the morning, *Wahoo* dives with the two vessels "coming over the hill," masts in line. Then she lies in ambush, her crew at battle stations, torpedoes ready except for the last final operations, which are always delayed until the last possible moment before firing.

This seems easy, compared to the destroyer encounter of recent memory, and nerves are not quite so hair-triggered, mouths not quite so dry. But the thrill of battle is there nevertheless, for each situation is complete unto itself, and the hunter strains just as much after the least of his quarry as he does after the greatest. Since there is a little time before the targets come up, *Wahoo's* crew use the opportunity for a careful check of all equipment

anti-submarine forces, perhaps the two patrol ships sighted in the early morning, could be got to the area to take some kind of action against her. But they don't know that the sub they are trying to buffalo is *Wahoo*, who doesn't scare.

When asked later how he had managed to keep his nerve in the face of the attacking destroyer, Morton is reputed to have answered: "Why do you think I made O'Kane look at him? He's the bravest man I know!"

Wahoo Takes on a Convoy

So it was that *Wahoo* gave the submarine force her first lesson on one way of disposing of enemy destroyers. Needless to say, that method was seldom deliberately sought, even by the more successful sub skippers, but it is worthy of note that Sam Dealey in *Harder*, Roy Benson in *Trigger*, and

Gene Fluckey in *Barb* at one time or another attempted similar shots. Benson and Fluckey both wound up with drawn battles—no damage to either side; Dealey sank five destroyers almost on successive nights, and was himself sunk on his next patrol by the sixth destroyer. But that, as the Scotchman said, is another story. . . .

Next day, by way of diversion, *Wahoo* brought a lone and woebegone fishing boat alongside, enticing it by shooting a stream of tommy-gun bullets across its bow. Again she proved her mettle, and showed that, although he may be a fierce fighter, the American sailor is ever ready to succor the helpless. Three of the original nine Malaysians in the boat had died; one was blind, one sick and one stricken with scurvy. So food and water were passed over to the remaining occupants of the little boat, and *Wahoo* continued on her way in search of

which might have a bearing on the success of the planned attack. Finally, even all this is complete, and there is nothing to do but wait. When a ship is making only ten knots, it can take an awfully long time to travel twenty miles!

Wahoo's plan is to lie a little off the track of the two ships, and fire at both of them almost at once in a single attack, so that torpedoes fired at the second ship will almost have arrived before hits in the leading ship might give the second one sufficient warning to maneuver to avoid. However, as the targets finally show up, on schedule, though it seemed like a long time, Morton realizes that he is too close to the track to carry out his original intention of firing three of his six bow tubes at each ship. You have to allow enough range for your fish to arm and reach running depth. Since the laws of physics say that if a submerged body is even one pound heavier than the water it displaces, it will sink to the bottom of the sea, while if it is one pound lighter it will float up to the surface, *Wahoo* has to stay underway, at slow speed, in order to maintain her depth. This has brought her so close to the projected track of the targets that there will not be sufficient "torpedo run" remaining, and the torpedoes might not have time to arm, or even reach their depth setting, before they have hit or gone under the targets. So Morton, a little regretfully, reverses course, and now plans to shoot stern tubes. However, there are only four tubes aft, as compared with six forward; so he will have to be content with two fish per ship, and with consequently less certainty of sinking them.

Closer and closer come the two unsuspecting ships. Submarining is exactly like hunting; for you stalk your prey, lay a trap for him, and then wait for him to fall into it. Granted that merchant ships do not have an equal chance against a submarine, a skillfully handled ship can escape, once the submarine has been detected, and an exceptionally handled one might even do damage to the undersea craft. Of course, any submarine caught on the surface, by no matter what agency, is in trouble. So there is a definite element of danger in the hunt; and it is accentuated, of course, in case defensive vessels, such as escort ships or aircraft, are about. So the tension mounts as the game draws nigh. Periscope exposures become shorter and shorter, to prevent a chance sighting, and more and more frequent as the firing point approaches. O'Kane is still doing the periscope work—excellent training for the skipper-to-be of *Tang*!

Twenty degrees to go! The leading ship, a medium-size freighter, has not long to go now! Since the two ships

are nearly in column and not far apart, it is planned to hit the first one just after he has passed astern of *Wahoo*, and immediately get the second just before he crosses her stern. Thus there will be the minimum interval between all fish, and it will be more like one single salvo!

"Make ready the stern tubes!" The long-awaited order comes at last, and the sailors in the after torpedo-room leap to perform the familiar motions.



"Tubes ready aft! Depth set, ten feet!" The telephone talker repeats.

"Set depth ten feet!" This setting has already been decided upon, but the order is given as a matter of course.

"Tubes ready aft! Depth set, ten feet!" The telephone talker repeats the report from the after torpedo-room.

"Match gyros aft!" The TDC operator cuts in the gyro regulator for the after torpedo-room, and a quick telephone check is made to insure that the angle transmitted from the conning-tower is actually being reproduced at the tubes. This is the third time this particular check has been made this morning, but this is the time you want it to count!

"Stand by aft!" Sound indicates there are only a few degrees to go. Plot and the TDC indicate the same thing. O'Kane puts the 'scope back up—as usual, he had lowered it only a few feet below the surface.

"Continuous bearings!" Morton's command leaves no doubt as to who is in command of the situation. The periscope bearing reader commences a singsong chant:

"One-seven-nine — one-seven-nine-and-a-half—one-eight-oh—one-eight-oh-and-a-half—one-eight-one—"

"Set—set—set—!" from "Rog" Paine on the TDC, indicating that his instru-

ment is following the periscope bearings accurately.

Morton takes a final look at all dials, checks that the bearings are actually correct, and gives the command, pronouncing the word they have all carefully avoided saying until now:

"Fire!" The first torpedo speeds on its way. Ten seconds later, "Fire!" again, and the second torpedo is ejected, to follow nearly in the path of the first.

"Check fire! Shift targets!" Morton is taking no chances that an excited sailor might shoot off his last two torpedoes aft.

At the same time, from O'Kane on the periscope: "Check fire! Shifting targets!" These two know each other's thoughts, know exactly what is expected and desired. Dick spins his periscope a few degrees to the left, picks up the second target, a somewhat larger freighter, in the field of view.

"On target! Bearing, Mark! Continuous bearings!" And the chant resumes:

"One-six-nine, one-six-nine-and-a-half, one-seven-oh—"

"Fire!" And, ten seconds later:

"Fire!"

Total time to fire all four torpedoes has been thirty-seven seconds. All hands now wait, again, with bated breath, for the results of their effort. Nothing can be more agonizing than the time after shooting your torpedoes, waiting for the hits to come in. Sometimes they don't come in, and you find yourself still waiting long after they must have gone harmlessly beyond the target.

BUT, though he is waiting more than anyone, the skipper is not idle. He has that fighting look on his face again, and he has ordered left full rudder and full speed in order to get the bow tubes around in case the stern tubes prove not to have been enough.

Wahoo has barely started her swing to the left, when—

"Whang!" And then, almost exactly ten seconds later:

"Whang!" again. Two solid hits in the first ship. O'Kane is not caught napping, either. Knowing the approximate time required for the torpedoes to reach the first target, he had lowered his periscope so as to avoid being seen, but raises it again just in time to see the two hits, one near the bow of the leading ship, the other in his stern. He swings to the second ship, sees a thudding hit in the stern of that one also, an instant before the sound and shock-wave of that explosion also reaches *Wahoo*!

Three hits for four torpedoes! Not bad shooting! Now let's see if they'll sink, or if you will have to polish these cripples off!

Down periscope again, and *Wahoo* continues her swing around, in order

to bring her bow tubes to bear. Shortly before the circle is complete, up goes the 'scope, and a "sweep around" is made, to take stock of the situation.

Wonder of wonders! Three ships are seen, instead of the original two! The newcomer is a large transport-type vessel, and troops can be seen crowding her decks. She must have been behind and beyond the second and larger freighter, and from the limited view of the periscope eye, she simply had not been seen before! So there are two damaged ships, and one undamaged. Naturally, Morton goes after the undamaged vessel.

"**S**TAND by forward!" Bow tubes are ready, outer doors opened. There is not time to track this new target; there is only time to make the tubes ready, put the bearing into the TDC, and shoot. The same speed as for the original targets is used, because there is no information indicating a difference in the transport's speed, and of course he must have been making that speed up until this moment, anyway.

"**Fire!**" After ten seconds: "**Fire!**" And then—"**Fire!**" for the third time. Three torpedoes flash out toward the transport, and the last two hit him, with the familiar tinny, high-pitched explosion. The sound of water pouring into his damaged hull comes clearly over the sound gear, and sound reports his screws stopping. That will hold him for a while! Now for the other two ships!

A quick look around shows that one of them is dead in the water, listed to starboard, and down by the stern. Nothing much to worry about there! He is evidently on his way to Davy Jones right now! The larger freighter, which had been the second target, is still under way, however, and has turned toward *Wahoo*. Give this Jap skipper credit for trying his best to fight his way out of the tough spot he is in! He has turned toward the place where the torpedoes came from, probably in the hope of ramming the submarine, or at least, of interfering with further shots. He achieves his intention, too, for *Wahoo* is forced to shoot two torpedoes quickly at him—another "down the throat" shot, in the hope of cooling off his combativeness. One hit, but even this doesn't stop him. Closer and closer comes the wounded hulk, yawing slightly as the Jap skipper and helmsman try to keep her on her course. Too late to fire another fish! The range is too close to allow proper functioning, and it would simply be a torpedo wasted! Nothing to do except duck!

"**Flood negative! All ahead full!**" The orders crack out like a whiplash! "**Left full rudder! Take her down!**"

Negative tank is instantly flooded, and the submarine thus suddenly acquires considerable negative buoyancy.

All diving-control surfaces, in obedience to the order to "Take her down," are quickly placed in the full dive position. Maneuvering room receives the full-speed bell, and the electrician's mates apply full power to the motors. The slowly turning propeller shafts immediately increase their speed, and the thrashing of the screws grows from an inaudible swishing to a loud beat!

Down plunges *Wahoo*, to get out from in front of that tremendous bow on which O'Kane has, for the past fraction of a minute, been counting rivets.

As *Wahoo's* deck tilts, the executive officer lowers the periscope all the way down. There isn't going to be much room to spare, and there's no use in losing the use of that vital eye.

Eighty feet, by conning-tower depth-gauge, and everyone breathes easier. Nothing can reach them down here! And boy! Just listen to what is going on topside! Explosions, bangings, cracklings, water gurgles, a whirling and a thumping all over the place. *Wahoo* has certainly raised merry Ned with this convoy!

But now is not the time to worry about that. The job, now, is to get the rest of those ships down, and quickly, before they can get help from somewhere! "Up periscope!" Though the submarine is below periscope depth, a quick look will tell O'Kane whether they are coming up under the dark hull of one of the ships up there.

Up comes the eyepiece of the 'scope, and Dick takes a quick look around. Nothing in sight, although the range of visibility under water is certainly not very great. However, as *Wahoo* comes up in response to the order, the eye is kept fully extended, and the instant it breaks above the surface of the water, a rapid look-around is made. All clear—and Morton heaves an involuntary sigh of relief.

Only two ships can now be seen, but there is a large area covered with dirt, coal-dust, and debris where the first target had been. Unquestionably he has sunk. The large freighter which had attempted to ram the submarine is still under way, and the transport is stopped dead in the water, his topsides simply boiling with soldiers. *Wahoo* gives the latter short shrift indeed. She bores in, lines him up, and shoots one torpedo.

A bull's eye—the wake heads straight for the target, now looming big in the periscope field—and passes harmlessly beneath him! No explosion! Morton orders another fish fired. It follows exactly the path of the first, but the depth mechanism does its job, and this one goes off right under the tall sooty stack of the doomed vessel! A geyser of water hides his amidships section momentarily from view, reaching up higher than the top of the stack itself! Then it subsides, showing the ship

broken in half, sinking rapidly by the bow, with men clad in olive drab jumping off into the water, or trying frantically to lower the lifeboats they should have got ready long ago! Hope you like your baths, boys!

Two down out of three, and time is taken out to get a few pictures. Besides, the remaining torpedoes have to be loaded into the tubes and checked, a job much better accomplished submerged than on the surface. It is now noon, and *Wahoo's* crew is sent down individually, as they can be spared, to get what food the harried cooks have been able to get up on short notice. In the conning-tower, Morton and O'Kane continue to watch the fleeing ship, munching sandwiches and drinking coffee between looks. . . .

Suddenly a fourth ship is sighted! This is beginning to look like old home week for the Japs—and for Davy Jones too, if the instantly laid plans of *Wahoo* bear fruit. Naturally, she is going to go after this new chappy too!

AT first, as he comes over the horizon, he looks like a warship, since he has heavy masts. No matter! The *Wahoo's* men are feeling their oats now. There are a few more torpedoes left, and this fellow's name is written on one of them!

Wahoo proceeds at maximum sustained submerged speed in the direction of the unidentified vessel. Unfortunately, she has so badly depleted her storage battery during the morning's action that she cannot chase at high speed, and it is soon obvious that there is no hope of getting into position to attack the new arrival. In the meantime, the crippled freighter has been staggering away from the scene as rapidly as her engines can drive her battered hull. The plotting parties check her speed at about six knots, quite respectable for a ship with two torpedoes in her! You really have to hand it to that Jap skipper!

It is soon obvious that *Wahoo* cannot hope to catch either vessel. She continues to watch through the periscope, and sees the newcomer change course. As he does so, the change in his aspect reveals him to be a large tanker, instead of a cruiser, which up to now had appeared to be a possibility. He joins up with the cripple, and the two proceed away at the maximum speed of the latter, black smoke pouring from stacks of both ships. All this time the undersea raider watches helplessly, too far away to interfere, too low in battery power to give chase.

Give up? Not on your life! That is a phrase Morton and his boys have forgotten ever existed! But what to do?

There is a hasty council in the conning-tower. Morton, O'Kane and

Paine do some rapid figuring. Then, their computations completed, *Wahoo* changes course and proceeds directly away from the fleeing ships as rapidly as her waning battery power will permit! Surely these intrepid submariners have not decided to run away! A continuous watch is kept on the quarry until finally the tops of their masts have disappeared over the horizon. Then *Wahoo* commences some maneuvers which are rather strange for a submarine anxious to avoid detection in enemy waters.

The periscope rises higher and higher out of water as the submerged vessel comes closer and closer to the surface. As the height of the tip of the periscope increases above the surface of the sea, O'Kane and Morton can see farther over the horizon, and sight is thus kept on the escaping ships as long as is possible. Finally, with the hull of the submarine only a few feet below the water and the periscope extending a full fifteen feet into the air, contact is finally lost. The periscope twirls around rapidly, scanning the horizon and the skies for any sign of other enemy activity. Then, swiftly, it starts down.

THERE is a moment's hiatus; and suddenly a long black shadow, visible beneath the waves, becomes sharper and more distinct. A moment later a sharp bow breaks the surface of the water at a large angle, plowing ahead through the waves like the forehead of some prehistoric monster. Simultaneously the thin dark bridge structure of the submarine appears about a hundred feet behind it, also at a sharp angle with the horizontal.

The inclination decreases as the submarine continues to surface, and within about ten seconds the whole low dark hull of the undersea vessel, cascading water from her decks and through freeing ports along the sides, has appeared. Her forward motion continues as she proceeds, silently, with no visible source of propulsion. Water swishes through the superstructure and trails after, leaving a long, broad, troubled wake.

Upon the bridge there is sudden activity. The crash of metal upon metal is heard as the conning-tower hatch is flung open. The head and shoulders of a man appear, shortly to be joined by another.

Morton's robust voice: "Open the main induction!"

There is a loud clang as hydraulic mechanism opens the huge engine air-induction valve. Instantly the exhaust roar of a Diesel engine starting explodes into the stillness. Simultaneously a small cloud of gray smoke pours from a half-submerged opening in the after part of the hull. This process is repeated three times, at rapid intervals, until four streams of ex-

haust vapor, two from each side, are sputtering and splashing the water which attempts to flow back into the half-submerged exhaust pipe.

The speed of the submarine increases through the water. A high-pitched screaming sound can distinctly be heard over all the other noises, as though a hundred cats had caught their tails in a wringer all at once. This noise, however, is made by the low-pressure air blower, which is pumping atmospheric air into the ballast tanks, completing the job of emptying them which had been started submerged by high-pressure air.

All this time the *Wahoo's* speed through the water has been increasing as the Diesel engines take the place of the battery for propulsion, and she rises higher and higher out of water as the ballast tanks go dry. Soon she is making a respectable seventeen knots, considering that one engine must be used to recharge the nearly empty storage battery, so that *Wahoo* will be ready for further action submerged if necessary—which, of course, is exactly Mush Morton's intention!

There is no rest or relaxation for the plotting parties. Other members of the submarine's crew are relieved from their battle stations, but the plotting parties are busy! Not one of them thinks about being relieved, however, nor would he accept relief were it offered! The problem is one which has, by virtue of nearly incessant drill, become second nature to them. You have a target trying to get away from you. You have his approximate bearing, and you have a good idea of his speed. Also, you have a lot more speed available than he has. Problem: Find him! Problem: Keep him from sighting you! Problem: Dive in front of him so that, despite his zigzags, he will run near enough to the spot you select to give you a shot!

So *Wahoo* chases her prey from the moment of surfacing, shortly after noon, until nearly sunset. This is known as an "end around," and is to become a classic maneuver in the Submarine Force. You run with your periscope up, maintaining sight barely of the tips of the enemy's masts, so that he will not have a chance of spotting you, and you run completely around him, traveling several times as far as he does, in order to arrive at a point dead ahead of him. . . .

And half an hour before sunset, *Wahoo* dives, once more on the convoy's track. This approach is much more difficult than the previous one, for the Jap ships have only too vividly in their minds the fates which had befallen their two erstwhile comrades, and consequently are zigzagging wildly. Besides, *Wahoo* wants to attack the tanker first, since he is as yet undamaged. So it turns out to have

been a good thing that she prolonged the pursuit by devoting part of her Diesel power to replenishing her battery.

Finally, one hour after diving, *Wahoo* sees the tanker, limned in her periscope sights, in perfect attack position. The old routine procedure is gone through, but each time it is reenacted there is still the same breathless hushed expectancy, the same fierce thrill of the chase successfully consummated, the same fear that, somehow, at the last possible moment, your prey will make some unexpected maneuver and frustrate your designs upon him. And you never forget that your life, as well as his, is in the scales!

O'Kane is at the periscope. . . . Paine is on the torpedo data computer. . . . Morton is conducting the approach, as always, blind.

"Bearing—Mark!"

"Zero-one-five!"

"Fire!" . . . "Fire!" . . . "Fire!"

And three torpedoes race out into the gathering dusk. One minute twenty-two seconds later, one single hit—"Whang!" The tanker stops momentarily, then gets under way again, at reduced speed. *Wahoo* spins around for a shot at the crippled freighter, but that canny Jap has already started away from there, and his change of course has spoiled the set-up.

"Rats!" growls the skipper of the *Wahoo*. It is still fairly light, though too dark to see effectively through the periscope. A moment's reflection, and Morton gives the command to carry the fight to the enemy. He has only four torpedoes left in the ship, all aft. But this fact, apparently, bothers him not one whit.

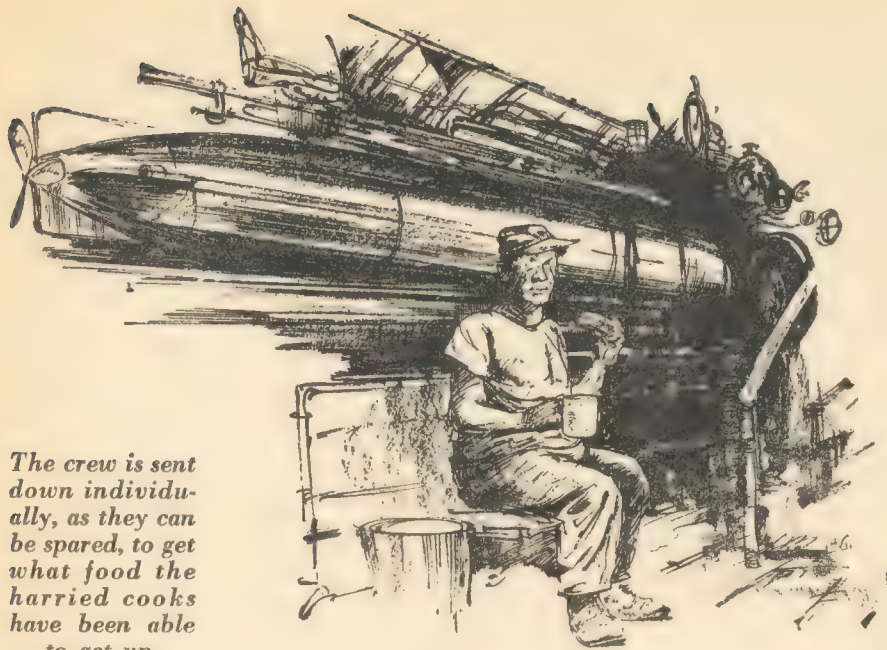
"Surface!" Three blasts of the diving alarm, which is the traditional surfacing signal, sound raucously in the confined interior of the submarine. Up comes *Wahoo*, ready to try her luck on the surface, under cover of what darkness there may be!

IN this she has the advantage of a much lower, darker hull, and since there is as yet no moon, the shadows of night grow progressively thicker, and conceal her more and more from anxious Japanese lookouts. Another advantage lies in the fact that the two damaged ships, probably because misery loves company, choose to stick together instead of separating. But having only torpedoes in the after tubes is a tremendous disadvantage in a night surface attack, and *Wahoo* maneuvers unsuccessfully for two hours, trying to get lined up for a shot.

In desperation, Morton even tries to back into attack position, but is frustrated by poor maneuverability while going astern. So he accomplishes his end, finally, by the process of outguessing the enemy. The zigzag plan is radical. *Wahoo* gets di-



A geyser of water subsides, showing men jumping off into the water, or trying frantically to lower lifeboats.



The crew is sent down individually, as they can be spared, to get what food the harried cooks have been able to get up.

rectly behind the tanker, which in turn, is behind the freighter. An ill-assorted formation, this! Then, as the two Japs zig to the right, *Wahoo* stays on the original course, and when they zig back to the left, the submarine is about a mile on the beam of the unfortunate tanker. Suddenly, *Wahoo's* rudder is put full left, and her port propeller is backed at full power, while her starboard screw is put at ahead full! In this manner, Morton is able to twist his ship, get her end-on to the broadside of the now doomed Jap, and let fly two torpedoes!

One hit, amidships! The sound of the explosion, surprisingly, cannot be heard, but its effects are spectacular! The vessel folds in the middle into the shape of a huge V, and plunges from sight almost instantly!

"All ahead full!" The immediate order means only one thing, and that is the hapless freighter. *Wahoo* has played around with him long enough!

But the skipper of the lone remaining Jap ship has other ideas. He keeps up a continuous fire with his guns, and steams in even more radical and haphazard fashion than before. Now and then he sights the ominous shape of the sea-wolf stalking him, and places a few well-aimed shells alongside, forcing her to turn away and once forcing her to dive for protection.

For an hour this cat-and-mouse game keeps up. Finally a powerful searchlight beam is sighted over the horizon. An escort vessel or destroyer, undoubtedly! Probably sent to succor four vessels who had reported being under attack by submarine! *Wahoo* had better do something fast to end this stalemate! Again Morton puts on his thinking cap. What would

he do, if he were the skipper of the Jap freighter?

"Well," thinks Mush, "there's no doubt at all as to what I'd do! I'd head for that destroyer just as fast as ever I could!" And suiting his actions to the words, he heads *Wahoo* for him too!

Sure enough, after a bit the lumbering hulk of the wounded cargo vessel is sighted and picked up by radar, headed in the same direction. Only, *Wahoo* has preceded him, and now lies in wait for him—and two torpedoes come out of the night to put finis to a gallant defense.

FOUR ships sighted and four down was *Wahoo's* record for the 26th of January, 1943. The whole one-sided battle, with all its phases, lasted thirteen hours; and after its conclusion, one Jap destroyer was left fruitlessly searching the area with his searchlight, wondering why he couldn't find anything!

Old Lady Fate likes to play tricks on people, it seems; for the very next day, while *Wahoo's* crew were still groggy from the trying action of the 26th, a six-ship convoy was sighted. All of *Wahoo's* torpedoes had been expended; so the only weapons which she had available with which to take on this convoy were the guns. A submarine is always at a terrific disadvantage in a gun fight, because only one hit is needed to put her out of action, whereas several hits might have little effect on a surface ship.

Nothing daunted, Morton prepared to take on this convoy by gun action, hoping that he could separate one sheep from the fold, and go to work on him alone. So, six miles away, in broad daylight, *Wahoo* surfaced and

went after the enemy ships. All of them turned away and headed for the shelter of a nearby rain squall, which was what Morton had expected them to do; that suited him fine, for the ship nearest to him, a medium-sized tanker, fell behind his fleeing mates. This situation seemed to be made to order for *Wahoo*, until a single mast poked out from behind one of the larger ships, resolved itself into a destroyer, and immediately turned the tables, changing *Wahoo's* status from pursuer to pursued!

Stubbornly, Morton would not admit defeat, even in the face of this superior force, and refused to dive until the destroyer squared away on him with a whole broadside delivered from about seven thousand yards, the salvo sailing overhead and splashing in the water close aboard—on the far side—of *Wahoo*! And as the submarine passed periscope depth on the way down, more gun splashes were heard and felt, on the surface above her!

It went against Morton's grain to stay down and admit that the situation had got beyond him, but this time there was no other reasonable thing to do. So, in spite of his fury and rage at thus being rendered impotent, he was forced to swallow his pent-up feelings, and stay where he was.

The destroyer stayed around for some time, being somewhat wise in this game himself, and effectively prevented any chance of *Wahoo's* regaining contact with his charges. After he finally departed, up came the submarine, to transmit fruitlessly on her radio the news of the convoy's passing, in hopes that another U. S. sub might be in a position to do something about it. No luck, however; and Morton set his course for Pearl Harbor, where he arrived several days later.

Like everything else she did, *Wahoo's* entrance into Pearl was dramatic, for lashed to her fully extended periscope was a broom.

YES, everything *Wahoo* did was dramatic. On her next patrol, which she spent in the Yellow Sea between China and Korea, she ran the entire distance to the patrol area, deep in the heart of Japanese-controlled waters, on the surface, diving only for necessary drills. When the patrol was completed, she surfaced, still in the middle of the Yellow Sea, and headed for home, digressing only to track and sink one lone freighter sighted on the way. This attack, incidentally, was the only thing preventing her from making the same "no dives" boast on her return trip also. During the patrol, which covered nineteen days in the assigned area, *Wahoo* sank nine ships, one trawler, and two sampans, and again expended all her ammunition! Once again the broom was lashed to the periscope!

And again, in April, 1943, *Wahoo* and Morton made their third patrol together, sinking three ships and damaging two. It is not the purpose of this report to recount at length and in detail the stories of all of *Wahoo's* patrols, except to indicate that she was a consistent performer.

But she fell upon bad days, and Morton was a stubborn man; to these circumstances, and their unfortunate combination at just the wrong time, we may lay the responsibility for the sad loss of U.S.S. *Wahoo*, and her fighting skipper.

After Morton's third war patrol in command of *Wahoo*, an inspection of the ship showed that an extensive overhaul was needed to replace the worn-out battery, to repair damages she had sustained, and to install new apparatus. So the vessel was ordered to Mare Island Navy Yard for two months. While there, the fine team Morton had built up suffered serious injury with the detachment of Dick O'Kane, who received orders to command the brand-new submarine *Tang*, then under construction at the Navy Yard. Roger Paine moved up to the position of executive officer, and Morton, though he regretted the loss of his very capable second officer, was overjoyed to see him get, at last, the command which he had longed for, and for which he, Morton, had repeatedly recommended him. More will be heard of *Tang* later. When she finally put to sea, O'Kane had a mission of vengeance to perform, and *Tang* burst upon the Japanese with a fury and a purpose which they could hardly have failed to recognize.

IN late July, 1943, *Wahoo* arrived back at Pearl Harbor, after the completion of her overhaul. Then bad luck struck, for Paine developed appendicitis, and had to be removed to a hospital for an operation. A combination of circumstances had deprived Morton of the two officers he depended upon most, but none the less confident, he proceeded on his fourth patrol. Now, Morton was a man of original ideas, and independent thinking. Submarine doctrine called for shooting several torpedoes at each target, in what is known as a "spread," in order to take into account possible maneuvers to avoid, errors in solution of the fire-control problem, or malfunction of torpedoes. No quarrel could really be had with this, so long as a single submarine was apt to see and be in a spot to shoot only a few ships per patrol. But *Wahoo* had, in three successive patrols, returned before the completion of her normal time on station, with all torpedoes expended! Morton knew he had the knack of searching out targets where other men could not find them. Call it luck if you will, but the fact remains that

Morton was never plagued with a lack of suitable ships to shoot!

If you know you are going to see plenty of targets, so ran his argument, why not shoot only one torpedo at each ship, and accept the occasional misses due to the factors just mentioned? If a submarine fires three fish per salvo, and sinks eight ships with her twenty-four torpedoes, is that as effective in damaging the enemy as a submarine which fires single shots and sinks twelve ships with twenty-four torpedoes? Yet in the first case, the sub should be credited with one hundred per cent effectiveness in fire-control; in the latter, with only fifty per cent. The problem, according to Morton, lay simply in the number of contacts you could make. So he asked for, and received for his fourth patrol, the hottest area there was—the Japan Sea!

A glance at the map will show you what Morton was deliberately asking for! The Japan Sea is a nearly land-locked body of water, lying between Japan and the Asiatic mainland. It can be reached from the open sea in only three ways—through the Straits of Tsushima, Tsugaru or La Perouse. The only other possible entrance is through the Tartary Strait, between Sakhalin Island and Siberia, which is too shallow for seagoing vessels, and anyway is under the control of Russia. It was known that the Japanese had extensively mined all possible entrances to "their" Sea, and that they were carrying on an enormous volume of traffic in its sheltered waters with no fear whatever of Allied interference.

If *Wahoo* could only get into this lush area, Mush figured, she should find so many targets that she would have an ideal opportunity to try out his theory. Certainly, he knew the entrances were mined! He also knew that it takes an awfully good minefield to close up such a large passage as La Perouse or Tsushima completely, and that his chances of running through on the surface above the anti-submarine mines (which, of course, would be laid at depths calculated to trap a submerged submarine) would be good. He also was banking on probable laxness and inattention on the parts of the Japanese defenders, and on taking them by surprise.

So, on the second of August, 1943, *Wahoo* departed Pearl Harbor for the Japan Sea, carrying with her a determined captain and an entirely new team of officers—some, of course, veterans of her previous patrols, but practically all of them in new jobs as a result of the drastic changes at the top. However, all the way out to station, Morton held drills with his new personnel, until he felt the same confidence in them he had so deservedly felt in the ones he had lost.

On August 14th *Wahoo* transited La Perouse Strait, on the surface at

night, at full speed. Though detected and challenged by the shore station on Soya Misaki, she remained boldly on her course, ignoring the signal, and having done his duty, the watcher in the station went back to sleep, leaving all navigational lights burning as though it were still peace-time.

Mush Morton was certainly right about one thing. He entered the Sea of Japan on August 14th; on the night of August 14th-15th *Wahoo* sighted four enemy merchant ships, steaming singly and unescorted. In all, she carried out four separate attacks, three of them on the same ship, firing only five torpedoes in all. And here Fate dealt him her most crushing blow: *Faulty torpedoes!*

THERE is nothing in the world so maddening as to bring your submarine across miles of ocean, to train your crew up to the highest pitch of efficiency and anticipation, to work like a dog getting into a good fertile area, to assume heavy risk in arriving finally in an attack position—and then to have the whole thing vitiated by some inexplicable fault in your equipment!

Time after time, *Wahoo* sights the enemy's vital cargo carriers and tankers! Time after time she makes the approach, goes through all the old familiar motions which have previously brought such outstanding success—and time after time there is nothing heard, after firing the torpedoes, save the whirring of their propellers picked up in the sound gear, as they go on—and on—and on! Once, indeed, the dull sickening thud of a dud hit is heard; but most of the time the torpedoes simply miss, and miss, and miss!

Desperately, Morton tries every conceivable trick, stunt and device in his book, in the effort to get explosions out of his torpedoes. He does not lack for targets—that he had foreseen correctly; and so he has plenty of time to try everything he knows. But he is still stubborn, and mutters savagely something to the effect that there is no use in firing more than one torpedo at any target until he has found out why they don't go off!

For four days *Wahoo* valiantly fights her bad luck, and makes, in all, nine attacks upon nearly as many enemy ships. Results achieved, zero! Heart-breaking, hopeless, utter zero!

And then Morton finally broke down. Fate was able to make him do something no Jap had ever succeeded in doing—cry Uncle! After four nightmarish days in the area, during which he became increasingly silent, moody and irascible, sometimes venting the smoldering fury which possessed him in outbursts of a fantastic, terrifying rage, Morton decided that there was only one thing to do. Characteristically, it took him only four days to reach this decision and to implement it.



A message was sent to the Commander Submarines, Pacific, informing him of the complete failure of the torpedoes of his most outstanding submarine. The reaction from Admiral Lockwood was instant—orders to proceed immediately to Pearl Harbor; and Morton's action was equally decisive: *Wahoo* annunciators were put on "All ahead flank," and were left in that position until the submarine reached the entrance buoys off Pearl. The only exceptions to this performance were caused by appearance of a neutral merchant ship, which was identified as *Wahoo* maneuvered in for an attack, and two Jap sampans, whose captured crews found their actual destinations to be somewhat different from what they had expected!

ON August 29th, only eleven days from the Japan Sea, Mush Morton and his *Wahoo* stormed into Pearl Harbor, and tied up to one of the docks at the Submarine Base. This time there was no broom tied to an extended periscope, and the booming exuberance with which this sub had been wont to return from patrol was totally lacking. But such was the fame of *Wahoo* and her skipper that there was quite a crowd of men and officers on the dock to greet her, and to tender the usual congratulations upon safe return—a ritual which had grown up in the Submarine Force and which was followed religiously by all its members.

On this occasion, there was a cloud over the normal light-hearted feelings of those present, for all of them knew that there was something radically wrong. One or two made an effort to say something cheery to the obviously suffering commanding officer, but nothing they could say or do could allay the fact that Morton, a man who could never be accused of concealing his light under a bushel, and who had up to this time been the most successful skipper of the whole Force, had returned from his last patrol empty-handed. As soon as he decently could, he strode away from the crowd of friends and well-wishers, and hurried to the office of "ComSubPac."

Once there, he gave voice, in no uncertain terms, to the angry feelings which possessed him. Virtually pounding his fist on the table (after all, you rarely actually pound your fist at an Admiral, even at one so understand-

ing as Admiral Lockwood), he insisted that something was radically wrong, and that corrective measures had to be taken immediately. The Admiral and his staff listened thoughtfully; for this was by no means the only report they had received about malfunctioning of the submarine's major weapon, and Morton was not the first man to cry "Damn the torpedoes!" Half-formed thoughts about sabotage, inefficiency or improper preparation hovered above this gathering, and the upshot of it was that the Commander Submarines, Pacific Fleet, gave his word to Commander Dudley Morton that he would find out what was wrong with the "fish" if it killed him. In their hearts, the members of his staff echoed his sentiments—after all, every man there was a veteran submarine skipper himself!

Without risk of interrupting the story of the *Wahoo*, it might be inserted here that Admiral Lockwood did indeed discover what was wrong with the torpedoes, and that the trouble was most positively eradicated from the Submarine Force in short order! Under the pressure of war operations, these things do happen, and in addition to handling the operations of his units, what else is a Force Commander for, if not to straighten out difficulties of this kind?

But the discovery of the trouble, which incidentally was not due to sabotage, is another story altogether. The interview with *Wahoo's* skipper at an end, Lockwood asked the question which Morton had been waiting for: "Well, Mush, what do you want to do?" Knowing his man, the Admiral was prepared for the answer he got, but it must be admitted that he would hardly have been surprised had Morton indicated that he had been taking a beating lately, and would like a rest.

A rest was furthest from Morton's mind at that moment. "Admiral," he said in an intense vibrating tone, "I want to go right back to the Sea of Japan, with a load of live fish, this time!"

The two men took stock of each other. Morton saw a seamed, genial

face, normally weather-beaten from years at sea, now showing signs of the strain of keeping his boys going and solving their problems for them—of holding up his end of the larger scope of the war plan—of defending and protecting his operations from those who, not knowing of the phenomenal results being achieved, would encroach upon, limit, or circumscribe them. With a small shock, however, he realized that at the moment there were only two emotions showing in the Admiral's eyes—worry, over him, and . . . *envy!*

On his side, the Admiral saw a young and virile officer, proud in his profession with the pride that comes only from a sense of accomplishment, and which will support no criticism. A fiery man, a fighter, and a leader. A sort of wild, reckless man, bluff, loud, hearty, and heroically stubborn. But burning in his steady eyes was the shining light of the crusader, now doubly dedicated, because his latest crusade had failed.

They shook hands. "We'll get you ready just as soon as we possibly can!" said the older officer. Morton stood up gravely, thanked him shortly, and departed. As he watched that straight, tall figure stride out of his office, the thought flashed across the Admiral's mind: "*I shouldn't let him go. I ought to take him off his ship and let him cool off a bit. But I just can't do it!*"

AND so we must bring to a close all that is factual of the story of the *Wahoo*, the submarine which, more than any other, showed the way to her sisters. She was given another load of torpedoes, which were most painstakingly checked for perfect condition, and she immediately departed for the Japan Sea to redeem her previous fiasco, stopping at Midway *en route*. Nothing more was ever heard or seen of her, and what information we have been able to gather has come from Japanese sources, consisting of reports of losses which could only have been due to depredations made by *Wahoo* on her last patrol.

Some who read this account will remember a certain issue of an American

weekly, in October, 1943, in which reference was made to a report of the enemy that an American submarine had sunk a transport voyaging from Japan to Korea carrying over five hundred people, including several important personages, almost all of whom lost their lives. In the sometimes rather perverse manner of the Japanese, the announcement of the loss was made the day after it occurred, and it was promptly picked up by the press of this country. The notation was made by the magazine that a glance at a map of the area would show the people of this country how far their submarines had penetrated, and of what daring they were capable. The implication for any Japanese who might read that magazine was that, correspondingly, they should beware.

And so they should—and so, probably, they did! But neither Japs nor Americans, except we of the Silent Service, knew that this was *Wahoo*, on her last patrol, striking her last blow for the flag she loved, in a spot so remote, and hitherto considered so inaccessible, that comment was excited from all over the world, when the news was made known, and the shaft of fear struck deep into the hearts of the enemy. For this blow was at the last lifeline of Japan, without which she would surely perish.

Although *Wahoo* did not return from this patrol, and although the enemy intensified their security measures to prevent any further penetration into the Japan Sea, they might have known that other submarines would follow where the way had been shown. And that day came, when U. S. submarines swept through the Straits of Tsushima in force, not by ones or twos, but a whole squadron of them all at once! Descending upon the unsuspecting enemy coastline, they had the whole western seaboard of the Japanese home islands in the grip of an almost air-tight blockade within a matter of a few days! How the spirits of Mush Morton and his *Wahoo* must have stretched forth to these, their successors, these men who seized upon their uncompleted job and finished it!

WE have definite record of four ships sunk by *Wahoo* in the Japan Sea between September 29th and October 9th, 1943. Knowing the Jap inability to keep accurate records, it is more than likely that the actual number of ships sunk was eight or more, instead of four. And *Wahoo* never returned. Surprisingly, however, among the 468 U. S. submarines which the Japanese claimed to have sunk, there was not one record, or any other information anywhere discovered which, by any stretch of circumstances, could explain what had happened to her. The enemy never got her. They never even knew she had been lost, and we care-

fully concealed it for a long time, knowing how badly they wanted to "get" the *Wahoo*.

Like so many of our lost submarines, she simply disappeared into the limbo of lost ships, sealing her mystery with her forever. This has always been a comforting thought, for it is a sailor's death, and an honorable grave. I like to think of *Wahoo* carrying the fight to the enemy, as she always did, gloriously, successfully, and furiously, up to the last catastrophic instant when, by some mischance, and in some manner unknown to man, the world came to an end for her. For the worth of a man's life is measured by what he has accomplished, not merely by how long he has existed as a bit of breathing organism on this earth.

To those who, like *Wahoo* and Morton, have played their piece to the

end and have found the music shorter than they anticipated, we can only say that their contributions were grand, and that the great orchestra would not still be playing, were it not for them. Even though their names be forgotten, their edifice endures, and their traditions will be carried on so long as the ideals for which they fought still prevail on this earth.

And a ship, or any entity created by man and endowed with a purpose or message derived from his own—does it not also live? Who can say that *Wahoo* does not live, along with *Old Ironsides*, *Bonhomme Richard*, *Monitor*, or *Enterprise*? For their accomplishments, along with those of the men who once trod their decks, are graven into the traditions which have made ours a proud Navy, and our nation a proud nation.

Songs That Have Made History

by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O

IN towns or haciendas captured by Winfield Scott as he fought his way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, or in the villages Zack Taylor had stormed up north, blue-uniformed Americans took their stand of an evening under balconies or before the walls of vine-clad patios. They strummed guitars, picked up as war souvenirs, and lifted voices in song. Dragoons, infantrymen or marines, they had learned that when in Mexico you did as the Mexicans, and serenaded a pretty señorita.

They sang a popular ditty of that year of 1847. That the girls could not understand a word of it mattered not a bit. They listened and languished. Up to receptive ears floated the chorus:

*Green grow the rushes, O!
Red are the roses, O!
Kiss her quick and let her go
Before you get the mitten, O!*

Skirts rustled on the balcony. Moonlight glistened on a slender hand that dropped one of the roses mentioned. Wall-scaling is a useful military art. And not many of the serenaders got the mitten—the gate, as subsequent slang put it.

Few of the soldier serenaders realized that they owed their song to the poet Robert Burns. Bobby, adapting it from an old Scottish ballad, had warbled it to Highland lassies in his day, and would have been pleased that it appealed just as romantically to señoritas. He might not at first have recognized the American ver-

sion, which made free with his words and translated the Scottish "rashes" to *rushes*.

*Auld nature vows the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her "prentice han'" she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!*

*Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent among the lasses, O!*

But in Mexico the song produced a result in addition to the one intended. Swarthy Mexican men, hearkening in the shadows, noted the serenade's overwhelming effect on Dolores or Carmencita. Fingering knives not prudent to use at the moment, they caught the first two words of the chorus. They repeated their sound in a jealous snarl of "Gringo! Gringo!" at the invaders.

The term Gringo, applied to men from the States, commemorates the bitter resentment toward them and their song, felt by local talent; and who can blame the señores? One authority derives the name from the Spanish *griego*, meaning Greek; that is, a strange language. Yet the song certainly wasn't Greek to the señoritas. They understood the idea as quickly as would French mademoiselles in 1918 when Yanks in olive drab hummed a ribald refrain entitled "Hinky-Dinky Parlez-Vous" and proffered a pack of cigarettes or a chocolate bar. Other wars, other ways.

I'll Take the

A VERY MODERN YOUNG RANCHMAN SETS OUT TO RAISE HORSES FOR HOLLYWOOD
—AND LEARNS THERE ARE SPECIAL ANGLES TO A BUSINESS LIKE THAT.

GINNY was drying her hair on the porch when Clark rode in. It was late afternoon of a day in May. Over the mountains soaring from the pasture the sun distilled an amber light which was just right for the leaves, for the grass, and for Ginny's hair. It was like twenty-four-carat gold, with sequins in the highlights. She heard his spurs on the walk and called to him.

"Did you catch him, Clark?"

Clark grunted. "We'll catch that horse when he's ready to be caught." Wearily, he let himself into a porch chair. Cocking his feet on the rail, he squinted at the light streaming through the fine mesh of her hair. "Blondes," he reflected, "are nice to come home to."

"But not nice enough to stay home with," Ginny said.

"Well, you see, horses are nice too." Clark had been gone four days on this wild-horse chase. He deserved the worst, but instead of tears and recriminations, he anticipated fried chicken with biscuits and gravy.

Ginny's eyes sparkled. They were blue; close up, they were the blue-gray of pine smoke. "So you wasted four days on that horse, and he's still his own man."

"We got so close to him this time that I could see the burrs in his tail. By George, that's a horse!"

"I'll bet! Fourteen years old, string-halted, and he drags his chin unless he's standing on a ridge trying to impress you gullible cow-punchers. It takes good blood to make good stallions. That's what you said when we bought Red instead of the station wagon."

Clark smiled complacently. It was nice to know she was teasing. They both knew he wasted too much time on wild-horse chases and rodeos; yet she pretended to believe they were part of the business. Hunting and fishing weren't, of course, and neither was spending a couple of days a month with old Billy Hazard, up among the glaciers. Clark's philosophy was to give tomorrow its due, but not to sell today short, either. But Ginny never rode him for his derelictions. Theirs

was a comfortable relationship which assumed devotion rather than demanded it.

After three years of marriage, they knew each other pretty well. They talked of making a fortune in quarter-horses and whiteface cattle, but they knew they wouldn't. It didn't bother Clark, and he didn't think it bothered Ginny.

A car rumbled across the plank bridge. Dud Winter's pick-up swung into the yard. Dud flashed an envelope. "Telegram, Clark! Picked it up in town."

He lumbered up the steps and leaned his substantial hindquarters against the railing while Clark opened the wire. Dud's big, simple face was avariciously inquisitive.

"Huh!" Clark said.

"Who's coming?" Ginny asked.

"Somebody named Lee Cushman. Wonder who he is?"

Ginny brightened and began tying a handkerchief about her hair. "Why, don't you remember? He was at the Salinas rodeo last year. He tried to buy Red. I think he said he was a horse-trainer for the movies."

She caught the iron look of warning suddenly rising to Clark's eyes. "Or something," she added.

"Don't think you never mentioned him to me," Dud said.

OF Dud Winter, Billy Hazard had once remarked: "Dud ain't got the sense to pour whisky out of a boot, but he can smell a horse sale two counties off."

Clark laughed offhandedly. "You know those movie people! Lots of talk but nothing behind it. I think he runs a boarding-stable near Hollywood."

Dud's round blue eyes turned to Ginny. "I thought you said he trained broncs?"

"I was just guessing."

"What do you suppose he wants?"

Clark put the wire in his pocket. "He's wasting his time if he still thinks he can buy Red. Four hundred, he offered!"

"When's he coming?" Dud asked. He ran a horse ranch just east of

Clark's, and it was no trouble at all to drop over any old time.

"Saturday." The wire said Thursday. It said: "*Have opportunity for you to supply colts to movie trade. Your price.*"

Dud drove away with a pleased and thoughtful expression.

LEE CUSHMAN drove up on Thursday. He was a likable man in his early forties, deeply tanned and with tightly-waved gray hair and a mustache three hairs wide. He dressed casually in wrinkled slacks, a field jacket and scuffed boots.

After lunch they went out to the corral. All the horses had been curried to the fine sheen of oiled silk. Cushman could not keep his hands off them. They were highly-bred and responsive, and he was a quarter-horse man, one of the fraternity which held that a pony capable of roping cows on weekdays and beating Olhaverly in the quarter-mile on Sunday was a lot of horse.

After Clark let him ride Morocco, a half-trained bay, he regarded it respectfully. "That's the finest Technicolor stud I've seen in years!"

"What's the difference between a Technicolor stud and any other?" Clark laughed.

"About two hundred dollars. It used to be color was just something to wrap a horse up in. Consequently there's people raising buckskins, blue roans, and grays everywhere; but try to find somebody you can count on for bays and chestnuts!"

"You can count on me," Clark said. He hardly knew whether to take Cushman seriously or not. "There hasn't been a cold color in this line for generations. It just happened, but we can try to keep it that way, if it matters."

Cushman wanted to try the horses out. They rode five miles up Spanish Creek. It was a spectacular country of breath-taking extremes. Behind and below them were the flat gray desert and the burnt-sienna hills hiding the smoking ugliness of Death Valley. Before them the Sierras presented towering façades of granite, lofty rims where the snows never melted.

High Road

by FRANK BONHAM

Clark was pleased to observe Cushman responding to it. Yet there was a drop of the motion-picture producer in Cushman's enjoyment.

"You ought to run dudes here, Clark," he said seriously.

But Clark shuddered. "I've always avoided anything that requires special feeding."

They rode on up to Jawbone Lake, a splinter of emerald caught in giant boulders. Clark had a stone corral here. From the branch of a twisted oak hung branding irons and scraps of harness. Lee Cushman said again: "With a spot like this, it's a crime not to capitalize on it!"

Clark let it lie. In a windy dusk, they rode back to the ranch.

It was cool enough that night for a fire. With one of Ginny's fine meals under his belt and a drink in his hand, Cushman relaxed. The big living-room was as informal as a bunkhouse. The floor was of rubbed tile; the tawny adobe walls pointed up the bright Mexican rugs. The house was Ginny's hobby—one of those hobbies women have before the children come and after they leave.

Cushman got down to business. He was training eight or ten horses a year. He could use all the Steeldusts Clark could raise. Anything that did not come up, he could sell as a saddle mount.

"You see, I'm tired of following up leads. I hear about a horse in Arizona, but by the time I get there he's just being loaded into a trailer. And maybe he's got Thoroughbred blood in him, anyway, and a gunshot would send him into hysterics. I'll pay you twenty-five per cent more than you'll get anywhere else, just to know the horses will be right and ready. How about it?"

Clark glanced at Ginny, and if she did not speak, the small tight smile on her lips talked a plain language. *If the money means more to you than your mountains, go ahead.*

He got up and poured Cushman another drink. He was rather surprised to discover that he was excited. Not over the money, but over the idea of going into horses big; of having a



"Blondes," he reflected, "are nice to come home to."

show-ranch. He saw it in redwood: "The Travis Quarter-Horse Ranch." And of course the material things were pleasant to contemplate too, the fine trappings of prosperity. But it would mean the end of wild-horse chases for a while.

"Well—" he said, finally; and then hesitated. "Well, how about it, Ginny?"

"You're the business man," Ginny said. She wasn't helping any.

Clark drained his glass and spun the ice in the bottom of it, and set the glass down and pressed it against the coaster an instant. "I guess we'll try it."

"Fine!" Cushman smiled, but didn't get excited. He spoke to Ginny. "I have been trying to interest Clark in taking some paying guests, Mrs. Travis. Somebody's always asking me about a ranch where they don't dress for dinner or go on tours. They

wouldn't want anything but good food and horses. I'd say you have the perfect set-up. And if you charged less than twenty dollars a day, they'd feel cheated."

Ginny laid a finger on her cheek. "It sounds wonderful! I suppose I could fix up the storerooms and partition the bunkhouse."

Clark looked startled. "Sure that's what you want to do, hon?"

"Why not? You 'tend to your horses, and I'll 'tend to my dudes!"

After Cushman went to his room, Clark said: "You aren't sore about the deal with Cushman, are you?"

Ginny sat on the rug before the fireplace. "No. A little worried, I guess. Because if this is another of your enthusiasms, Clark, it will be the most expensive one you've had."

He didn't like the word "enthusiasms." It made him think of an old-



"Better saddle up, Clark. I've got old Silvertip spotted."

erly playboy cavorting through his love affairs. He was nearly thirty, a little old for whimsies. "It's no enthusiasm," he said shortly. "It's time we got an angle, and I think this is it."

His last thought that night, an irrelevant thought called up by a subconscious calendar in his mind, was: *I'll have to get some leaders soaking for the opening next week.* It was a pleasant thought to go to sleep on; but a small stern-lipped objection showed its face just as he fell asleep. *You won't have time for the opening. You have those ponies to get ready. . .*

As Cushman was leaving the next morning, Dud Winter rode in on his palomino. Clark noticed that the big quarter-horse, Dutch, had been curried until it gleamed like greased gold. Cushman turned from the car to stare at it.

Dud, grinning fatly, dismounted. "Just thought I'd stop by, Clark, in case you wanted anything from town."

"Pretty long ride," Clark said, "when you could have taken the pickup."

Cushman hadn't even seen Dud, yet. He walked around the great golden horse. "Got any more of these?" he asked Dud.

"You kinda favor palominos?" Dud asked coyly.

"Haven't, up to now." Cushman rubbed his chin. "Might be something in it, though. That's a good-looking stud."

Dud turned the stirrup and remounted. "Glad to help you any time I can. Be seeing you, Clark. Glad to've met you, Mr. Cushman."

Cushman drove off, and a few minutes later Clark noticed Dud swing his horse east and start for home. "I hope that crock-head breaks a leg," he told Ginny. "If it rained pennies over here, Dud would be on hand with a piggy bank."

It was hard to tell whether this was an end or a beginning. It was the end of loafing and inviting one's soul. It was the beginning of working with horses, instead of what Clark used to call "fooling with broncs." He attended endless horse auctions, for there was no magic that would give him more colts without buying more mares.

At the same time, Ginny seemed possessed of an urge to turn Spanish Fork into a trading-post. She brought in carloads of rugs, hides and furniture. She hung ollas from the beams of the porch. Window-boxes appeared, and all the walks were traced with white-washed stones. Clark began to sus-

pect she was taking advantage of a situation.

One day Billy Hazard came rambling in on his red mule. Clark, working with a horse in the corral, saw him stop short and peer at the ranch-house. In a city, he would have checked the address. Billy scratched his head and sat uncertainly on the mule.

Clark went out. "What drove you out?" he asked. "Fire?"

Billy had been born in the hills, offspring, so the legend ran, of a glacier and a mountain goat. His features were narrow, flat and brown, and he wore an Army campaign hat that made him look like William S. Hart. Billy lived on a Spanish-American War pension. He could have made good money guiding sportsmen, but he contended a hunting dog wasn't made to run with poodles. He had a fine Thoreau-like philosophy that was like whisky to Clark's soul.

"What the hell's going on around here?" Billy demanded.

Clark hedged. "Oh, Ginny's getting ready for guests. A woman gets lonesome, you know, out like this."

"Lonesome!" Billy looked around. The trees were still there. The creek was talking its usual good sense, for whoever wanted to listen. The mountains hadn't moved away.

"For company," Clark said.

"Oh!" Billy accepted it without trying to understand. Women were said to be necessary; but God help the man who tried to understand them. He glanced into the corral. "What are you trying to do—corner the horse market?"

"I've made a deal with a fellow to take all the horses I can raise. Pretty good money in it."

Billy looked concerned. "You hard up, Clark? I've got a bit put by."

Clark wished he had rehearsed this scene. "We're doing all right, Billy, but I've got to think about the future. I've got to save for the children, when they come along, and—well, a lot of things."

Billy peered at him, and finally dismissed the whole matter by spitting in the dust. His eyes freshened. "Better saddle up, Clark. I've got old Silvertip spotted. He's got his mares in Icehouse Cañon. We'll shore put a halter on him this time!"

A cool, clean breeze entered Clark's mind, scattering the hundred vague worries of the past weeks. It brought the green fragrance of the pines. It rang with the silver music of a stallion's call.

Sternly the worries reassembled. "Billy, I'm going to have to skip it this time. I've got three horses to get ready before next week. Some folks are coming, and they'll want to ride. Besides," he said, "what would we have if we did catch him? A cold-blooded, wall-eyed outlaw."

"Then why have we been chasing him all over Inyo County?" Billy demanded.

"For the same reason we hunted that lost gold mine last summer—an enthusiasm."

Billy scratched the mule's neck. Finally he swung around. "Come on up after you turn this nut-house back into a ranch."

It was unreasonable, and Clark frowned after him. But that night, when the darkness flowed down from Billy Hazard's mountains, he had a tingle as he thought of Billy setting his trap to catch the stallion.

ON the third of July, Cushman arrived with two guests, a good-looking young fellow dressed like Roy Rogers, and a sultry-eyed brunette. The Roy Rogers character was an upcoming Western actor named Barry Carter. The girl, Lois Lane, also played in Westerns, although there was nothing homespun about her in a belted tan skirt and a diaphanous blouse which she filled marvelously. She had dark, earthy-red lips, and an undeceived look in her eyes.

Clark installed them in their rooms and saddled the horses. It seemed that every time he rounded a corner he fell over Barry and Lois, embracing. Not passionately, though with extreme determination, as if they were practising. They never seemed embarrassed by him.

In the afternoon, they went out for a ride. Ginny stayed to attend to dinner. As Lois started to mount, Clark said quietly: "Look out, Miss Lane. You're going up backward."

Lois discovered she had the wrong foot in the stirrup. She laughed. "They always give me a ladder, in my pictures."

Cushman wanted to show Barry Jawbone Lake as a possible location. They were a couple of miles below it when Lois pointed at a cliff west of the trail. "Isn't that a cave over there?"

"It's called Painted Cave," Clark told her. "There're some Indian pictographs in it."

Lois insisted that they look for Indian pots. Cushman shook his head. "You and Clark go on. I want Barry to see this other spot."

It was an hour over a rough trail to the cave. Once they were there, Lois showed only mild interest in pots. They sat in the shade to smoke. She was a pleasant companion, but somehow the subject was always some oblique aspect of sex. They got around to the old questions of why men had excelled in every field of endeavor.

"The only place we've beaten you," she deplored, "is in having babies!"

"You girls have done pretty well in acting," Clark said.

Lois laughed lightly and touched his hand. "Mr. Travis, you're gal-lahnt!"

She had, he thought, the most personal eyes he had ever looked into. An instinct from his bachelor days caused him to glance at her hand. No rings. All the old mechanism began to whirr, with surprising smoothness. He found himself thinking, *Why not?* A little abashed, he remembered he'd relinquished his amateur standing. He changed the subject to horses. . . .

It was nearly dark when the two reached the ranch-house. The others' horses were already in the corral. As he entered the back door, Clark tried to whistle away a little ghost of guilt. He was not reassured to see a heap of overdone biscuits in the sink. The Indian woman was putting a fresh pan into the oven; and Ginny, at the sink, was starting to make a fresh pot of coffee.

"You two didn't need to rush," she told him. "I can always warm things over and make more biscuits."

"She wanted to see Painted Cave," Clark grunted.

Ginny trilled a little laugh. "Remember the time you brought me up here before we were married? I had to see it, too—after you dragged me there by the hair."

"Now, look—" Clark began.

Ginny brushed past him. "Later," she said.

In their room that night, she demanded to see his handkerchief. She studied it on both sides. "No lip-stick," she decided. "So maybe you have changed your habits. Just the same, I think you can see how it looks to other people to be sneaking off with lady guests."

"I told you it was her ideal" Clark protested. "The others could have gone along if they'd wanted to. Good Lord, if you're going to walk up the walls every time I saddle a lady's horse—"

She kicked off her shoes. "It's not that I'm jealous, Clark—"

Clark said: "Hal!"

Her chin went up. "It's just that any woman that's married to a play-boy, doesn't know where he'll stop playing."

She saw the effect of it in his face, and said quickly: "Clark, don't be silly. You know what I meant. You aren't a playboy, any more than Billy Hazard is. But you're certainly a nonconformist. I only meant—"

"Forget it."

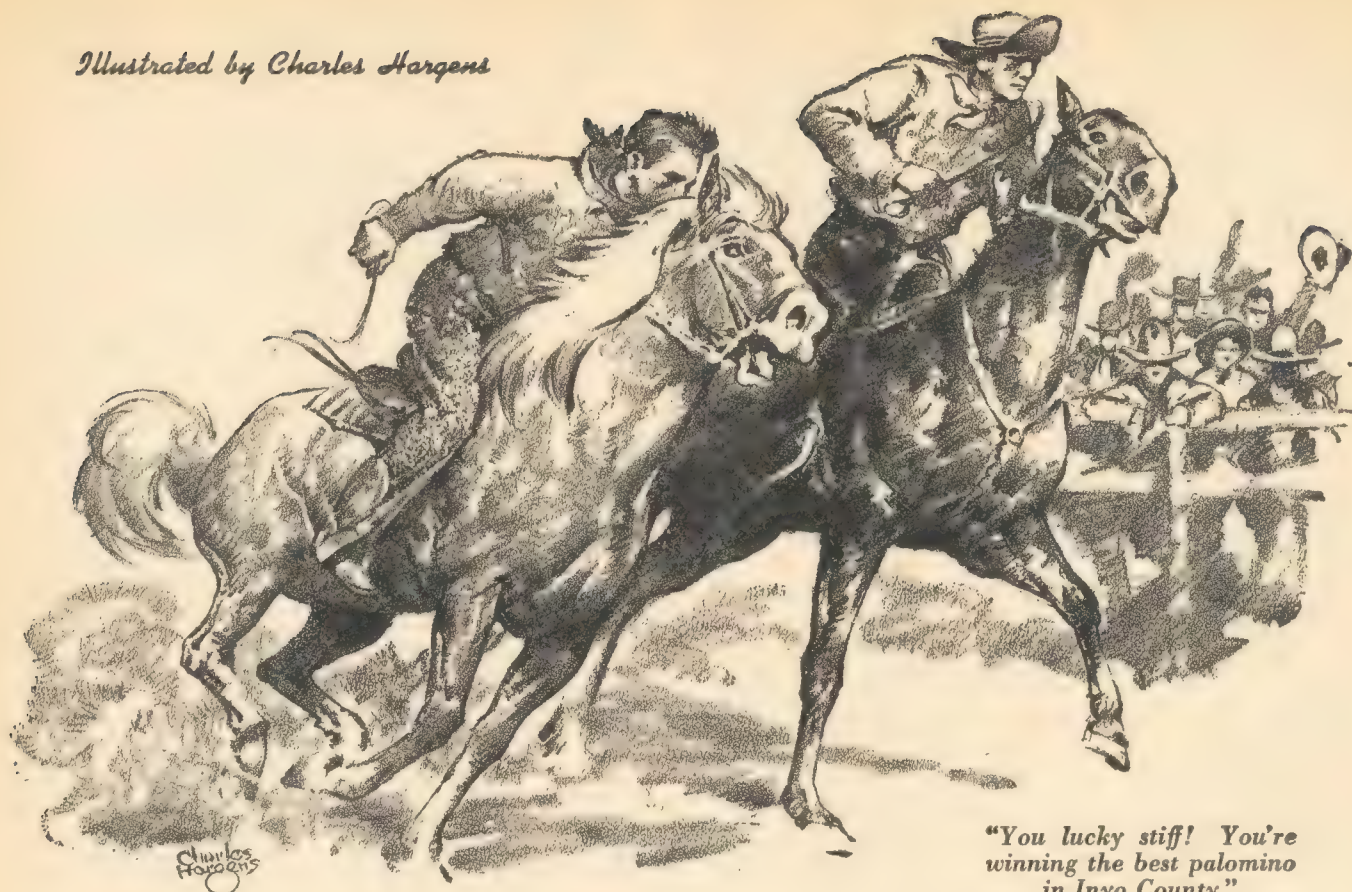
"I won't forget it! I've got a right to make myself clear." She sounded something more than earnest. There was a small shadow of fright in her eyes.

He went into the bathroom and showered. When he returned, the light was out. He got in bed carefully, but in a moment he heard her say: "I wish every horse on the place would get the epizootic. And that goes for the dudes, too!" . . .

Cushman and his dudes left, new bunches came up, and Clark sent his first batch of horses down to become Triggers or Silvers or merely dusty animals in a sheriff's posse. What-



It seemed that every time he rounded a corner he fell over Barry and Lois.



"You lucky stiff! You're winning the best palomino in Inyo County."

ever they became, they brought the money in. Clark looked at the figures in his passbook, and wondered what had become of the thrill he was to feel.

It was July, now, and high in the thousand lakes wedged in crevices of the mountains the fish were gliding shadows. Clark decided he had to have a week off. The night before he was to leave, a mare dropped a premature foal. He lost it, saved the mare, and wondered where he could find another colt to take the dead one's place.

Then Dud stopped by in his pick-up. He and Dutch were on their way to Salinas. "Ain't missing the big 'un, are you, Clark? They say ol' Bob Crosby may be there."

"Wish I could. Pretty busy right now." Clark tried to sound as if he were too busy getting rich, but what he felt was the ache of a boy kept in after school the day of the game.

Good old Dud did not fail to stop on his way back. Yes sir, it had been the hottest thing yet! He and Dutch walked off with two hundred dollars' roping money, and there was a new record set in the team-tying.

Clark noticed a new horse in the double trailer. "Buy yourself a plug?"

Dud smiled, a little embarrassedly. "Little ol' mare. Cost too much, but I'll get the money back. I—uh—Cushman was there, Clark. He's going to take a colt now and then."

Clark laid down the bridle he had been repairing. "Look! Is this my market or yours?"

"Cushman says there's room for both of us."

Clark snapped: "Stop kidding yourself. Your tongue's been hanging out ever since you saw that Hollywood address. This thing may last ten years, and it may end tomorrow. The movie public is deciding that—not Cushman. While it does last, it's my baby."

Dud's light blue eyes toughened. "You got a patent on selling horses?"

"I'm appealing to your sense of sportsmanship. You know what I've got sunk in this outfit. And you know that every horse you sell him is one I won't."

Dud glanced at the trailer. "I've got two thousand dollars in that mare, Clark."

"Why, you damned fool!"

Suddenly Clark saw the whole thing. Lee Cushman was the only man who would walk out of this mess with a profit. Unconsciously or otherwise, he had pitted them against each other. All that could come out of the situation was price-cutting. That was one step farther than Clark would go to make a dollar.

In Dud's face, some inkling of it began to dawn. "If I hadn't bought that mare— You see, I had to borrow money to get her."

They sat on the running-board. Clark said: "How much sporting blood have you got, Dud? Willing to

stake Dutch against Red in a match race?"

"That's pretty steep!" Dud rubbed his neck.

"If we keep on competing with each other," Clark reminded him, "we're both going to lose more than just a stallion. We'll be giving horses away, and working like fools to do it."

Even Dud could see that. He took a deep breath and began to nod. "Okay, Clark. Okay."

They decided on the Labor Day rodeo at Bishop for the match. Clark did not tell Ginny about it. Quietly he set out to get Red in shape.

Cushman brought up some dudes for Labor Day week-end. On Sunday they all drove out to Bishop. Clark took Red along in the trailer. The town was an hour away, a cool vista of trees along a creek, with the desert for a doormat and the mountains for a backyard. The day was hot, but under the trees at the fair-ground the broken shade was cool.

Cushman found Clark unloading the stallion. He frowned. "You're not going to rope with him!"

"Going to race him."

"What's the idea? If anything happens to Red, our deal's off."

The stallion stepped off the ramp, and Clark held him by the cheek-strap. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm racing Dud's palomino."

Cushman began to comprehend. "Clark, you're not sore about my arrangement with Dud?"

"I'm not singing carols about it. You've put us in competition with each other. Since neither of us can make a living cutting prices, we're settling it this way. Winner takes both studs."

Cushman was still standing there when he led the horse away. . . .

A few minutes later Ginny hurried over to where he was walking the horse. Cushman had told her about the race. Clark had done a lot of wild things in their married life, but nothing had upset her the way this did. He pointed out to her the same things he had told Dud, but his logic did not reassure her.

"If you lose Red," she told him, "you may never find another horse like him. Clark, you've worked so hard!"

"But I don't intend to lose him, Ginny."

He led the horse through the trees and worked him until the kinks were out. The race was for two o'clock. He heard the loud-speakers announcing the results of the first round of bronc-stomping. With a cold, nervous vacancy in him, he rode back toward the track.

The barrier had been moved to the end of the chute, the tail on the oval track which provided a quarter-mile straightaway. Dud was behind the barrier on his palomino. He said, "H're yuh, boy?" with forced gayety.

By now, Clark thought, he must realize he had been maneuvered into a wrong race. Dutch was too light in the hindquarters for a winning start, unless he was running out of his class and Red was way off.

The track was a clean set of lines converging near the trees. Above them the mountains beckoned, lean and blue and ribbed with granite. This time of day the fish lay deep and lazy, where only the trout-flies of such giants as Billy Hazard could rouse them. The wildflowers would be a light on the ground. In the morning, now, there might be a glint of frost in the air.

The starter was waiting. It seemed to Clark that the bay was excessively nervous. Clark dismounted, loosened the cinch a bit, and then realized it was not the horse which had the jitters, but himself. He remounted and brought Red up to the barrier. As the stands quieted, the timers looked at their watches. Then, automatically, Clark and Dud raised their whips. The barrier banged open.

THERE was a surge that pulled Clark back against the cantle, and then the horse was in long and easy stride down the track. You could ride all your life, Clark thought, but riding one like Red was forever a thrill. For a while you were freed from the slow prison of gravity, riding a breeze

as strong and as sweet as a prairie wind.

Dud was right there beside him, lying along the neck of his horse, quirt-ing fiercely and pleading. He and Clark were of a weight, but Dud's was mostly in the seat of his pants. He could distribute himself any way he wanted; the load remained that of a sack of wheat. Gradually he began to slip out of Clark's view, until it was no longer Dud beside him, but the head of his mount.

They were streaking past the bleachers now, breasting an almost tangible roar. "They're yelling for you," Clark thought. "You lucky stiff! You're winning the best palomino in Inyo County. Ten years, and you'll own the finest Steeldust herd in California, plus a bankroll, a paunch, and a face that turns purple every time you lift a bale of hay."

He glanced back at Dud. There were tears in Dud's eyes and his big clock face was a strangled red as he tried desperately to ride the whip to victory. And somehow the golden horse was beginning to close it up. The stands saw it and came to their feet with a shout. Dud began to quirt like a madman.

But Clark let Red reach, stretching along the horse's neck and giving him the whip, and the thin shadow-line of the wire lay across the track just ahead. When they streaked across it, there was a bare six inches of dark-red muzzle between the palomino and the finish.

CLARK and Ginny sat on the tailgate of the trailer, drinking beer from cans beaded with cold. Ginny's eyes were still moist.

"Oh, Clark, I'm so happy! It was a beautiful race."

Clark looked at her. She had something of the enameled brilliancy of a party girl, flinging roses riotously, but not fooling anyone.

"You are, are you?" he said. "You look like the face on the mortuary floor. If you really wanted Red to lose, why didn't you say so?"

There were tears in her eyes, then, and she said gently: "Oh, darling, I did want him to win—but I wanted us to win too, and I guess we couldn't both, could we?"

Clark squeezed the beer can and felt the cold sting of it in his hand. "I suppose not," he said. . . . "You know, we used to have a lot of fun up there, didn't we?"

Ginny sighed. "We'll never get over it."

"Well, is there any reason why we shouldn't have fun again?" Clark demanded.

"None that I can think of."

Clark finished his beer and jumped off the trailer. "I'll be back," he said. She watched him until he disappeared into the crowd.

JUST before sundown they drove out of town with the empty trailer booming along behind them. "Dud like to broke down," Clark chuckled. "He thought I was doing him a favor. He pays me a thousand apiece for the horses, and twenty-five per cent of his net from Cushman for two years."

Ginny laughed. "That was mean. But he'll probably make a fortune out of them, at that."

"Serve him right if he does."

She sat close to him as they drove through the warm, rocky hills. "When do you think you'll be back?"

"About a week. And I'll have a rope around that broomtail's neck this time!" He said: "Why don't you have some friends up?"

"Maybe I will. We do have plenty of room, now, don't we?"

"Plenty." Room to kiss your wife. Room to dream. As they turned up the road toward the mountains, Clark began to whistle.

The MAXIMS of JAPHETH

by Gelett Burgess

Lo, the muskrat hath many names; it passeth for seal and sable; it maketh itself to be mink or marten in the house of the dyer. But the skunk can no furrer imitate.





SOMETHING ABOUT AN IMPORTANT
BUT LITTLE KNOWN ARMY JOB.

by

IB MELCHIOR

WORLD WAR II was indeed a *World War*: in Europe alone, twenty-three countries took active part in the fighting, causing a Babylonian confusion of languages of both friend and foe.

The oldest weapon in the world, and a weapon which will always be of utmost importance in warfare, is—information. In order to obtain this information in a language understandable to our G-2, the Military Intelligence Interpretation Teams were created.

The duties of the MII Teams were the most varied of any Intelligence branch. They worked with the Counter Intelligence in tracking down enemy agents; they served as liaison between the civilians of the different countries of operation and the Army; they translated and interpreted; and they worked with Criminal Investigators in addition to collecting intelligence material of their own.

Personnel for the MII Teams to operate in the ETO received their special training at Camp Ritchie in Maryland—the Intelligence Training Center for officers and men for the IPW Teams, Photo Intelligence, Order of Battle, and Documents Teams besides the MIIs, under the expert guidance of the Chief of Training, Colonel Shipley Thomas.

An MII Team consisted of two officers and four enlisted men, with organic transportation of two jeeps and a trailer. The teams would be given a number followed by a letter denoting the team's main language qualification such as G for *German*, F for *French*, I for *Italian*, and R for *Russian*; but most teams covered several languages among them. Thus the team of which I was a member, MII—Team 425-G, had a fluent knowledge of nine languages.

The training at Camp Ritchie was extremely thorough and well planned, and included besides combat and linguistic training, courses in interrogation, investigation and interpretation—also classes in the political structure and the psychological make-up of the people of the various countries in which the MII Teams would have to operate. Upon completion of their training the MII Teams would be at-

The Interpreters

tached to a unit in the field from division up. . . .

When the time came for the Army in the ETO to change from French to German MII Teams, I was assigned to MII Team 425-G and attached to the XII Corps of Patton's Third Army, where we were given a dual mission; Counter Intelligence work, and collection of Intelligence material from civilian sources. Before long we were able to prove to our G-2, Colonel John H. Claybrook, that we could be useful to him. . . .

It was on a bitterly cold December day in Luxembourg during the Battle of the Bulge. The snow was deep on the frozen ground, and the room in which we were sitting was so cold that our breath was visible in front of us. But we didn't notice, Johnny and I—we were listening excitedly to a middle-aged citizen of Luxembourg. He said he had a map. Not just an ordinary map, but a map showing in the smallest detail the construction of a section of the Siegfried Line immediately facing us. It ought to be accurate—it had been drawn by an engineer of the "*Organisation Todt*" the Nazi construction organization which had built the line!

IF what he claimed was true, his possession was invaluable to Patton's hard-fighting soldiers. True, we had maps of the Siegfried Line, but it'd be of real importance to get an accurate and detailed plan of all the underground installations and the connections made by the very organization which constructed them. The Germans were occupying the very lines described by his map—right across the Saar-Moselle river.

Where was this map?

In his home—hidden in the tiny space between the top of the big cupboard and the ceiling in the kitchen of his house in the village of Dickweiler. He had not dared take it along when the Germans evicted him from his home, and he had not been back since as his village was evacuated.

We consulted our map. There it was. Almost a two-hour drive. We decided to make the trip, piled into our jeep, all three of us, and took off. The snow was deep on the roads and the going was tough.

At last we reached the village only a few miles before Dickweiler, and the last village where American soldiers were billeted, and we stopped to get information on the situation in Dickweiler.

Yes—it was possible to get there, but the only road leading to the place was under direct enemy observation, and the Krauts had a very disconcerting habit of lobbing over a few 88's at anything that moved. And he was pretty nicely zeroed in. Once in the town, he couldn't see you any more—but watch the booby traps.

Johnny and I looked at each other. 88's! Direct enemy observation! And nobody had asked us to go to that town. What if the damned map wasn't there? But we just had to find out—we'd come so far, we couldn't stop now. But we weren't going to take the civilian along, so after a last briefing on where to find the house and the map, we took off.

We were driving through the deep snow along a little patch of wood which stood between us and the enemy lines when Johnny suddenly stopped the jeep. There on a tree in front of us was a big sign, two large eyes, crudely drawn but clear enough: "*Beware—the enemy is watching you!*" We looked at the road ahead. It was running along a ridge parallel to the river; we could clearly see the other side—the enemy lines. About four hundred yards along the road down in a little valley was Dickweiler. But what held our eyes were the shell-craters on the sides and in the middle of the road, and the two overturned and mangled trucks in the ditch.

Johnny arranged the gears of the jeep for low traction, and we shot out from our safe spot behind the wood and bumped and lurched down the road, sliding and slipping in the snow. Every second I expected to hear the peculiar whistle of the 88's; I found myself almost wishing it would come and end the nerve-racking waiting.

But nothing happened, and we reached the village and brought the car to a halt next to a large massive barn. The little village was completely deserted and badly shot up, but to us it was welcome protection.

We decided to look for the house on foot; one can be more careful that

way. We started out and had soon located the building. Cautiously we entered and went to the kitchen. There was the big cupboard. Only an inch space between the top and the ceiling. Johnny stood up on a stool and felt for the map with a broom. No result. He tried again and again. Nothing. I felt suddenly very tired. Then we discovered that the top part of the cupboard could be lifted off. We emptied it of all the dishes and pans, and both of us managed to get the upper part down. The top was covered with dust and extremely dirty and grimy; but there—stuck to the wood because of moisture—was the map. With flushed and dusty faces we opened it up. It was everything it had been promised to be!

The way back didn't seem half bad. Johnny looked almost cheerful when he started the jeep careening up the bumpy, snow-covered road.

And then it happened:

At one of the shell-holes in the road the wheels slipped; we skidded just a little; the snow caught our front axle—we were stuck! The motor roared in a vain effort to get the jeep loose. The sweat rolled down into my eyes, and I grabbed the seat of the car and pressed my feet at the floor—I don't know why. Johnny was desperately shifting gears and rocking the car to get loose. Above the roar of the motor, we both heard the thin whine. The first one! It landed wide but showered us with snow and dirt. Just then the jeep gave a sudden jump, and with crazily spinning wheels slowly began to move again. We were free. The second shell landed right where we had been seconds before, but by then we were behind the wood—safe.

The ride back to Luxembourg City didn't feel nearly so cold—perhaps because we knew we carried with us a priceless document for our G-2.

THE discovery of the Siegfried Line map is a typical example of how Intelligence material could be collected by an MII Team through interrogation of civilians. . . .

A few weeks later our G-2 gave us a different kind of mission in which the MIIs were used. This assignment was in a little town right on the Luxembourg-German border.



The top was dirty and grimy; but there — stuck to the wood because of the moisture — was the map.

The name of the town was Grevenmacher, but the GIs had another name for it; they called it "Booby Trap Town." And undoubtedly it was the most mined and booby-trapped town in all Luxembourg. The town is located right on the Moselle River, and the war was stationary there for some months, which gave everyone a chance to set a few traps. In fact, the town had first been booby-trapped by the Germans, then by the Americans, and then by the Germans again during the Bulge. And no one had any plans of the mining. The town was evacuated and "off limits" to soldiers as well as to civilians; and still during the week I

was there five soldiers were killed—four of ours and one German who ventured across the river one night, perhaps as a member of a patrol, and ran into a booby trap—ironically enough, a German one!

The town was guarded by two companies of Belgian soldiers under the command of a very friendly officer, Capitaine Commandant Michet; and it was because we spoke French that Lt. Arnstein and I during the month of February, 1945, were assigned to take care of the liaison between the Belgians and Combat Team Darling, the American unit they were attached to. We lived a comfortable life, even

had a "boy" to take care of our chores. Different armies—different customs! But we didn't complain. There were only two streets in the town which had been cleared. One was the continuation of the highway leading to the town where our headquarters unit was stationed, and this one led to the other street on which stood the four houses which had been cleared for us. The Belgians had an elaborate system of guards, and had to pick a path to the different posts—and it is a miracle that not more accidents happened.

THE town was full of dead livestock which had blundered into the traps set to catch men, and had been dreadfully destroyed; and among the debris lurked a thousand evil surprises.

In addition to our liaison work it was our duty to make sure that no activity of Counter-Intelligence interest took place, and so we regularly made our way through the town, carefully examining every place where we intended to set foot.

One house we passed had the entire front wall shot away—and in the beautifully furnished room stood a big showcase with fine china and cut glass—all without a scratch or a crack.

Another house which we entered had no less than five cleverly concealed traps. One of them was placed in the stove in such a way that it would go off if you as much as touched the door to examine it. We saw it by removing the top rings, and we cut the wire. One place we entered through a window and carefully made our way to a door. After thorough examination, we pushed it open—and stared at a long-dead German soldier who had been less careful in opening a desk drawer. He greeted us with a mold-green smile and a parchment hand raised in a grotesque "Heil!"

Outside this same house was the spot where one of our sergeants had run into one of the most devilish traps I've ever seen—and met his death: Between the house and the garage a fine tripwire had been strung attached to an explosive charge concealed in a drainpipe. On each side of this pipe stood a gasoline can—full. When the charge went off it showered the victim with flaming gasoline! The ground was blackened and strewn with the partly burned clothing the soldier managed to tear off before he succumbed to the burns. His charred rifle stood crazily perched with its muzzle in the earth of a blackened flower-bed.

When we rejoined Corps after our liaison assignment we had a chance to secure for our G-2 some Intelligence data which no other Army agency had been or would be able to procure in time.

It was right after the Battle of the Bulge. The initial thrust into Germany had started and a couple of riv-

ers had been crossed. Next on the program was the Kyll River, and our G-2 needed information about a stretch of the river near Hüttingen over and above what could be learned through aerial photography and local patrols who didn't have the time needed for extensive mapping.

G-2 gave us the assignment and Lt. Arnstein and I got our heads together. How to collect some good, important and detailed information about the Kyll? We couldn't very well go over every foot of twenty-five miles of river ourselves.

And then we hit it!

Who would know more about the river than the fishermen who had walked along its banks, stood in the middle of the stream and searched for the places rich with trout?

For two days we interrogated every sportsman we could locate in Luxembourg who had ever fished in the Kyll, and we gathered a wealth of information.

We checked all our detailed reports against each other and finally had a clear and detailed picture of a thirty-mile stretch of the river including information about all bridges, the width and depth of the river yard for yard, the bottom, the current, the fords, and the banks!

On the third of March a couple of days after our report had been handed to G-2, troops of the Fifth Infantry Division thrust a bridgehead over the Kyll at the stretch described by our team, and we knew the thrill of having contributed to the success of our unit mission, and we earned a commendation from the G-2 on a job "timely and well done!"

Our first chance to take a hand in another Intelligence function, prisoner-of-war interrogation, came only a few days after the Kyll River crossing. On March 6th, corps troops captured their first German general on his home soil, General der Kavallerie Ernst Georg Edwin Graf von Rothkirch und Trach, Commanding General of the 53rd German Army Corps. On an inspection tour of what he believed to be his front lines Lt. Gen. von Rothkirch had made the embarrassing error of mistaking some tanks of B Co. of 4th Armored Division's 37th Tank Battalion, surrounded by German PWs, for his own. He did not discover this mistake until he literally was looking down the gun-barrel of the lead Sherman.

The German corps commander was spirited to Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, his immediate opponent, commanding the U.S. Army XII Corps, and we had the interesting task of interpreting the personal interrogation of von Rothkirch by General Eddy. In order to fit in with all the brass who were—very temporarily—promoted to major

Most of our duties when in Germany were with the Counter Intelligence in working as special agents. We were occupied with tracking down enemy spies and *saboteurs*, catching "line-crossers" and Intelligence agents. Often it was the oversight of a minute detail which felled the secret agent. This was the case with one of the first big-time operators we trapped.

We were then still in Luxembourg, and the Military Police had picked up a Frenchman who had been on the road in a restricted zone without a proper pass. He told us he was a slave worker who had fled Germany and walked for days to get back to his beloved France. His story—not uncommon—the method of escape, and the route traveled sounded absolutely all right. The man looked weary and extremely dirty, as if he might indeed have walked for days, and his information about the terrain he had crossed tallied with what we knew.

But there were reports of parachutists having been dropped behind our lines—and some of them had been French!

We told him to take off his shirt. There were no harness-marks from a chute, but it was possible to avoid these telltale marks by using padding.

We ordered him to take off his shoes—and then we knew that he was indeed a parachutist! Each ankle had a strong, tight bandage around it, just the kind a parachutist might use to strengthen his feet. But the clincher was that despite days of alleged marching in mud and slush, the bandages were spotless!

After that it was simple to get the truth out of him, and it turned out he was an ex-French militiaman, and recent graduate of one of Germany's best spy schools on his way to organize a subversive resistance movement in the Saar.

At war's end, the duties of the MII Teams, as of all combat Intelligence units, were almost entirely of a Counter-Intelligence nature as the Army settled down to the job of occupation. Only seldom did cases other than a CIC mission arise. One of these happened near Regensburg in Bavaria, where XII Corps was stationed.

One morning we received a strange call at CIC Headquarters from some GI:

"There is a dead guy lying in the woods near the road leading to a little village called St. Johannsburg."

Lt. Franz Vidor and I took off to investigate.

After some searching we located the spot. It was only a few yards off the dirt road and was marked with a neat little white cross! That was puzzling! Next to the cross was a bundle wrapped up in a large yellow tarpaulin; we assumed this to be the body.

The ground in the small clearing around the corpse was littered with all kinds of objects such as a couple of pieces torn from a woman's dress, bottle straws, Army ration wrapping-paper, pieces of an Ohio newspaper, and several other items. We made a careful list of everything and then unwrapped the bundle.

The sight which met our eyes was a horrible one.

It was—or rather had been—an American soldier, and he was clad in full uniform except for his shoes which for some reason had been removed. Around his left arm was a rope and it was obvious that he had been tied. The cause of death was easily established—a deep gash on the left side of his neck had opened the jugular vein. But it was his face which fascinated us. Someone had carefully destroyed it, beaten it in, perhaps with a stone, until there was absolutely nothing left which by the wildest stretch of imagination could be called a face! When we found out that the corpse had been stripped of all identification, we also knew why it had no face. Someone wanted to conceal the identity of that broken and mutilated body.

But that certainly didn't sound like the act of some revengeful German on a GI happening along—no reason for him to hide the identity of his victim.

Who was this man? How long had he been in this spot? How did he get here? Why did he die? Who killed him? There were a million unanswered questions, and we'd have to find the answers to them. Perhaps all the rubble around the corpse contained the clue we needed.

We went to the road to see what we could find. Hard to tell anything there, tracks of all kinds of vehicles going in all directions. A few hundred yards down the road we could see the houses of St. Johannsburg. We decided to find out what the villagers knew about the body.

Yes—they knew the body was there. The rubble? It had been there long before the dead man. Our best clue gone! How long had the body been there? Since yesterday morning. Had anyone seen how it got there? Well—there was a woman who said that she saw something from her window. Good. We found her and here is her story:

The morning before, between 9:30 and 9:45 an American truck, description fitting a weapons carrier, drove to the spot. Two men—she thought they were American soldiers but the distance was too great to be sure—and two women got out and unloaded something. Then the men drove off and a few minutes later the girls walked away in the same direction as the truck.

"Two soldiers and two girls in an American truck!" I said. "Maybe it's murder, Franz—done by our own troops and not by the Germans."

We had learned something but we still had very little to go on; we needed another line of investigation. What about that little white cross? Who put it there?

None of the villagers would own up to the deed, but one farmer gave us a lead. He had in his employ an Hungarian shepherd who roamed around the countryside with his little flock. He might know something.

We hunted him up and found that he was a not-too-bright little fellow. But he was our man! He had put up the cross for the American comrade, and he had been sitting in the bushes not more than twenty yards away when the soldiers unloaded the bundle.

Here was our story!

We deluged the poor fellow with questions. We made him describe the men and the truck, and forced him to recall what the vehicle had been carrying. He told us the predominant color of the men's pretty shoulder patches and we drew pictures of the different units we knew were in the area, plus a few imaginary ones for good measure and let the Hungarian pick out the one he saw. And finally we pieced the story together.

"At nine forty-five the previous morning an American weapons carrier, covered, drove up to the clearing. Two soldiers in field jackets without leggings—one of them a corporal belonging to a certain Army unit shown by his shoulder patch—and two girls got out. All of them helped to unload the bundle. In the truck there were eight to ten cardboard boxes fitting the description of 'ten-in-one rations.' As soon as they were through unloading their cargo the soldiers drove away in the direction of Regensburg, and soon thereafter the two girls walked off in the same direction."

There was no doubt about it. This was not a CIC case, but a case for the Criminal Investigation Department and we transferred it to them.

With the leads we were able to give them they merely had to locate a corporal in a certain Army unit stationed near Regensburg who on a certain date at nine A.M. was getting rations for a small number of men.

Having access to the unit records, this was soon accomplished and the guilty brought to justice to face a murder charge for the slaying of a buddy in a fight over a girl, one of the very few such cases the CID had to investigate.

BESIDES the MIIs' occupation duties with the CIC their linguistic abilities were useful in many other fields. Military Government used former MIIs in their organization—history teams, art

teams, and teams investigating claims and reports of war aid by the civilian population of the Allied countries through which the war had raged made use of the former MIIs.

In this way it was my privilege to talk to a heroic Frenchman, Monsieur Zozo, about his adventures helping our shot-down flyers escape capture by the Gestapo.

Zozo owned a little restaurant with the whimsical name "*A la Fortune du Pot*"—"Pot Luck"—in Montmartre not far from the Place Pigalle. His little place was staffed entirely by his family. His wife, *Maman*, and her mother, *Grandmère*, did the cooking; his young daughter, Gaby, took care of the serving, and Zozo himself was in full charge of the small bar. Before the war many an American and Britisher had enjoyed a delicious meal in the friendly little eating-place.

And so it was that one day in 1943, while the Nazis were still mastering Paris, as Zozo was locking up his restaurant for the night a man stepped out of the shadows and whispered:

"Monsieur Zozo?"

A young, earnest-looking man clad in ill-fitting clothes was facing the Frenchman and there was an unmistakable British accent evident in his French when he quietly said:

"A friend of mine and yours in England told me that you might help me."

Without a word Zozo unlocked the door and the two men entered the darkened restaurant. This was the beginning of a small but efficient organization led by Zozo and his family which during the Nazi occupation smuggled twenty-eight American, British, and Canadian flyers out of France and back to England before Maman and Gaby were arrested and sent to concentration camps in Germany and Zozo himself—who was away when the Gestapo raided his home—was mercilessly hunted by the Nazis.

In the basement under the restaurant were small storage-rooms; here, in the beginning, Zozo would keep his wards. Food was the least of his problems because of his restaurant, but clothes and especially shoes were difficult to obtain. Later he moved the men to his apartment where they stayed in one of his rooms. And so it was that he had six Allied airmen in hiding in his home before he could arrange a way to smuggle them out.

Among them was Archie—big, six-foot-two, amiable Archie from Texas.

Everything about Archie was big, including his appetite. The boys received their most substantial meal at noon and this became a critical time in Archie's existence to such an extent that he even learned the French word for it—"midi." This was the extent of his linguistic achievements. Because of the size of Archie's enormous feet he had to go without shoes

for a while until Gaby hunted up a pair of large, thin patent-leather shoes, the only pair to be found in Paris which would fit him.

Zozo and Maman were still feeling their way along. They knew that the men would have to have identification cards for their trip across France and for these they needed photos. The only place they knew where such photos could be obtained was at the passport photo booth at the St. Lazare station. And there the boys would have to go—Germans or no Germans.

MAMAN took two at a time. The first trip was fairly uneventful. Everything went fine until a young American pilot was sitting in the booth ready to have his picture snapped. But the photographer was not quite satisfied with his pose.

"Please raise your head a little," he suggested.

The boy of course did not understand a word, so the Frenchman repeated his request. But the more he talked and explained the deeper the boy's head would sink in consternation. Maman saved the day with typical Gallic quick-wittedness.

"Please," she said to the exasperated photographer, "the boy is deaf and dumb and does not understand you."

And with a gentle touch on the boy's chin and a confident smile she conveyed the photographer's wish. . . .

It was on the next trip—with Archie—that things almost went wrong.

Maman was walking down the street. Fifteen feet behind her came one of the flyers followed in turn by Archie in his patent-leather shoes.

A small group of German soldiers were standing on the sidewalk watching the people go by. Maman and her first airman had passed them safely, but just as Archie was abreast of the Germans a Frenchman stopped him and asked for a match—in French.

Archie didn't know what the man wanted but he couldn't afford to make the Germans suspicious by not answering. Without a moment's hesitation he gave the Frenchman a big Southern smile, politely tipped his hat and in a loud voice announced fluently:

"Midi! Midi—midi!"

And walked nonchalantly on leaving the bewildered Frenchman staring after him.

Finally Zozo succeeded in arranging a way for the flyers to get to the French-Spanish border. Here they would have to cross the Pyrenees on foot before being taken to Lisbon and sent back to England.

In order to get in condition for the strenuous mountain climb the flyers would have to have some exercise and not stay cooped up in one room. Every night when the streets were empty and while friends were guard-



Two men—she thought they were American soldiers—and two women got out and unloaded something.

ing against unwelcome interruptions, the airmen would spend a couple of hours running around the block.

It was after one of these exercise periods when the boys had just returned to their room that the doorbell rang vehemently. Had they been seen? The boys crowded together in their room, and Zozo went to the door; outside stood the concierge—the woman who supervised the apartment building. She looked at Zozo.

"You have company, perhaps?" she looked shrewdly at him, "company which does not like the daylight?"

So she had learned about the boys! Zozo didn't know what to do. Then the woman offered him a bundle.

"Here are some old clothes," she said, "my husband won't need them. You can find good use for them." . . .

At last the day came. All preparations were finished and the boys left with a guide for the border.

Everything went according to plan and on the scheduled evening the six of them started their trek across the mountains. At first they made good headway, but halfway up Archie's thin patent-leather shoes made for the dance floor gave out on the sharp stones and rocks of the mountain trail,

and soon they had nearly fallen apart. Archie's feet were bruised and bleeding and it was evident he could not finish the trip. The others wanted to help him, but rather than keep them from crossing the border while it was still dark, Archie decided to return. With his feet wrapped in his undershirt to save his shoes, he laboriously made his way to the small town from which he had started out.

His situation was desperate. His French was decidedly limited, he had no money, and the only sanctuary he knew was with Zozo somewhere in Paris almost five hundred miles away.

There was nothing for him to do but to risk everything on one card. He put on his shoes, went to the railroad station and proceeded to wait until what he considered the right person showed up. Finally a man whom Archie thought looked like a real Frenchman entered the station. The Texan went up to him and without further ado drawled:

"Pardon me, suh! I'm an American flyer. I want to go to Paris. I have no money. Will you help me?"

His luck was almost unbelievable, but even though the Frenchman bought him a ticket and put him on

the right train, Archie's troubles were far from over.

The only part of Paris Archie knew was the one block around which he had sprinted night after night in preparation for his ill-fated journey. Arrived at the railroad station in Paris he dared not once more trust himself to ask someone for help. For two days and a night he walked around the station in ever-widening circles in the hope of finding a familiar landmark. He had no rest and nothing to eat.

At last his efforts were rewarded. On the evening of the second day he found the restaurant *A la Fortune du Pot*—and then Zozo's house.

Zozo himself answered the door when Archie rang the bell.

"Hello, Zozo! I couldn't make it," he announced happily. "And I'm hungry!"

When the next group of men was ready to go Archie had new shoes made of sturdier stuff. This time he made it!

Gaby and Maman have since returned from the concentration camps in Germany, and the family at *A la Fortune du Pot* is once again catering to American and British friends.

Over the Horizon

CAPTAIN EZRA COOPER, late of Newburyport, Mass., U.S.A., sat in the luxurious Manila office of his friend and host Don Clemente Maxias y Bustamente, and chewed at a perfecto, frowningly.

The big lorch he had brought over from the China coast lay offshore, discharging her cargo of tea. At the Spanish shipyard beside the Pasig river-mouth was the *Santa Trinidad*. Cooper had pulled her off a coral reef and towed her into Manila Bay, at some risk from pirates, thereby earning fat salvage money from the firm of Don Clemente, her owners. Cooper—as Don Clemente's guest—was getting to be a social lion, and this irked him. Now he spoke with a growl.

"I came out here as a shipmaster, got into business in Canton, and started a firm with Lejean for partner. Now I'm in Manila, blast it! I don't mean to be impolite," he added hastily, "but I'm sort of bewildered."

"And with a slight bullet wound in your chest!" Don Clemente seemed amused. "Why did you come to Manila, my friend? To make money—to start a branch of your firm here! And you're making it. I owe you a large sum in salvage. You've destroyed pirates. You're a hero! Don Esteban, the Governor, left cards for you today. The world is yours for the asking!"

Cooper shook his head. "You're dead wrong. What I really came here for was to get acquainted with your daughter. I met her in Canton, and it was a miniature of her that kept the bullet from killing me. Spoiled the picture, too."

Don Clemente regarded him with a twinkling eye.

"You're supposed to be recovering from that wound, instead of gallivanting around Manila," he said with mock gravity. "My great-aunt Doña Bustamente, who acts as duenna for Felicia, says it's scandalous, the way you two young people carry on."

True, no doubt. In this year 1835 Manila was purely Spanish—old type, not republican; and Cooper had run into some odd manifestations of its ancient thinking.

"You don't get it," he rejoined. "Luck is pushing me hard: the Governor's nephew, Don Carlos Lucas, has hinted at a bit of business. Then I've got my partner back at Canton to think about. Then there's four Yankee ships that have been tied up here for months; they ran afoul of your Spanish customs. The consul says I

could buy them cheap, and it'd be a gainful deal—but I'm lost 'tween all these doings. Go back to Canton and 'tend to business—be a seaman and go into shipping—stay here and start a branch of the firm—go home to New England, or what?"

"If I were you, I'd steer clear of Don Carlos," said Don Clemente. "He is highly connected, but somewhat unprincipled. As for your perplexity, why not ask Felicia about it?"

"Your daughter?" Cooper looked up in surprise.

"Yes. She has an exceedingly clear head, frequently advises me in business matters, and knows her way around. And she has largely cut loose from our old-fashioned customs, as you should know. I'd ask her, by all means. You're seeing her tonight?"

"Guess so," Cooper nodded. "I've got orders from Doña Bustamente to escort her and Felicia to a ball at the Governor's palace. Hm! Well, if you think it's all right, I might put it up to Felicia, if I get a chance to see her alone."

"My respected great-aunt regards you highly; I think she'll give you a chance. She's more English than Spanish, you know." Don Clemente puffed at his cigar. "Yes, those four American ships should be a good buy. They've full cargoes of tea aboard—they came into the harbor on the heels of a typhoon, and their masters disregarded all regulations. Talk to your consul about them."

"I'll do it right now." Cooper glanced at a clock, and jumped up.

THE grizzled Elmer Newsome, acting consul for the U.S.A. in Manila, was a gruff old dog who chewed tobacco freely and had small love for the local authorities. He received Cooper warmly, scenting a possible issue of the dispute which had his consular office at its wit's end. The four barques had been tied up here for six months and more. Their crews had drifted off. Their cargoes of tea, pronounced spoiled, had been paid for by the insurance people. The consul had received orders to sell the ships at almost any price, and the harbor officials were pressing for a settlement of their claims.

"You couldn't give away them teas back home," Newsome said shrewdly. "but they'd be grabbed up at Honoruru, over to the Sandwich Islands—or Honolulu, as they've took to calling it. The insurance people wanted to

do that, but the port officers here wouldn't give a release. You never seen such a stubborn lot! The tea's wuth more'n the ships, almost."

"Are the ships well found?"

"Prime—copper-bottomed, too. Get them scandalous Spanish claims scaled down a bit, and I could show you some nice figures, Cap'n."

"Show me the figures now," Cooper said shrewdly; and Newsome obliged.

Captain Ezra went away from that talk with his brain buzzing. From the walk along the ancient walls then enclosing the city, inside the open moats, he could see the group of Yankee bottoms moored out in the harbor, whose sixteen-foot depth kept vessels two miles offshore.

DUE to the revolutions in Spain, the island government was liberal; only two years later, indeed, it was to declare Manila an open port. Thus, a deal might be made with Don Esteban, and a fat profit was in sight—but these ships would have to be taken home, and the tea cargoes sold at Honolulu, before they could be sent out under the flag of Cooper & Lejean.

That evening Cooper drove to the Governor's palace in the carriage with Doña Bustamente and Felicia, for Don Clemente was not attending. It was an assembly radiant with jewels, uniforms and decorations, amid which Cooper, in his brass-buttoned blue broadcloth, felt sadly out of place. However, scarcely had he arrived and been presented, when he was cornered by Don Carlos, who filled a civil post in the administration.

A dashing figure in the Byronic style, Don Carlos Lucas was a leader in the gallant set of heavy gamblers and know-it-all gentry to whom the colony was no more than a spot to be plundered freely by clever heads. He greeted Cooper most amiably.

"Ha, my friend from America! Can you spare me a few moments upon urgent affairs?"

"I am honored by your desire," replied Cooper politely in Spanish. He was in reality irritated at having to postpone his talk with Felicia. It was policy to be urbane, however.

"Let us step this way." Don Carlos led him into an empty smoking-room, then faced about and spoke guardedly. "As you know, Señor Capitan, free trade in gold-dust is strictly forbidden; yet many of our islands to the south have large quantities of it. Would a bit of this gold interest you?"

HOMeward BOUND FROM CHINA, CAPTAIN EZRA STOPS OFF IN MANILA ON THE CHANCE OF PROFITABLE BUSINESS AND IN THE HOPE OF WINNING A LADY'S FAVOR. HE FINDS BOTH UNDERTAKINGS DIFFICULT AND EXCITING.

*Illustrated
by Cleveland
Woodward*



by H. BEDFORD-JONES

"Depends on what that would involve," Cooper said warily.

Don Carlos smiled.

"Merely a word from you. I have contacts with pagan Moro sultans of the islands. They have gold in abundance, but refuse to take the petty price our traders allow. I can get the gold cheap, and a sale in world markets doubles our money. Eh?"

Cooper shook his head. "That requires a big investment. I don't have such sums to risk, Don Carlos."

"On the contrary!" cried the other eagerly. "It is no secret that you hope to buy the Yankee ships in the harbor. Take the gold, then, and sell it to my agents at the first port you reach! No one will know or care. A mere three or four chests turned over, and it is done! I'll have them set aboard before you sail, if you say the word—I can obtain the money to buy the gold, and you risk nothing! Yes or no?"

A tempting proposal to any ship's master. A bit of smuggling never

strained the conscience, and Ezra Cooper did not object to easy money at all; so he agreed, and Don Carlos gripped his hand warmly.

"Good! We shall both profit, I promise you. Luck to us both! My excuses for detaining you from the dance floor, señor—"

Cooper returned to the ballroom and Doña Bustamente; Felicia was dancing. He was forced to chat with the old lady until at last he got Felicia to himself. Being no dancer, he

carried her off to the terrace. She spoke English perfectly, and as they strolled amid the laughing couples, he said to her in grave anxiety:

"Señorita, I need advice, both personal and as to business."

She laughed softly. "Father warned me that he had told you to seek it from me. It is an honor to have so famed a Yankee sailor ask my advice!"

"Your famed Yankee sailor is in a deuce of a mess," he said. Her hand pressed his arm, perhaps in warning.

"It is impossible to discuss private matters here; others observe us. Let us go riding tomorrow morning, at eleven."

"By all means." Cooper was no horseman, but here was heavenly opportunity. He brought Felicia back to her great-aunt, and made the flinty old lady his best bow.

The sight of Felicia in her brocades and jewels was intoxicating. He liked her firm-set head, her air of independent ability; he had met her in Canton, dressed as a man, and had helped get her father out of China. Now he found his admiration for her quiet poise tenfold greater; her advice would indeed be sound. So, light-heartedly, he pushed himself amid the uniforms that surrounded the Governor, Don Esteban, and thanked that gentleman for leaving cards, and bore himself with such gentility that he was accounted a man of parts and accorded great Spanish politeness.

PROMPTLY at eleven the next morning two grooms brought around the horses. When Felicia appeared, Cooper assisted her to her saddle, and away they went, toward Fort Santiago and the bridge across the Pasig to the north-side suburbs. It was a brisk clear day; the crowds of natives were touched with high colors, and one's mind ran riot; after getting across the bridge, they rode slowly, and Cooper stated his position with some clarity.

"Canton's a bad spot," Felicia said thoughtfully; "and if the British go to war there, it'll be worse. As you know, Father barely got out of China alive. He feels that Manila is the coming spot for Asiatic trade. How do you lean, yourself?"

"I'm inclined to get those four ships, if I can, and take them home. Yet it seems folly to give up the advantages I already have."

"Why give them up? You have a partner in Canton; leave him to handle that branch of the firm, then install a partner here in Manila, and go home. A man's always at his best in his own country. I can find a man to act as your partner here, and one who can make a deal with Don Esteban about those four ships too." Quick laughter flitted in her eyes. "Would you trust my judgment on such a matter as a partner?"

Cooper looked at her. "Strangely enough; I would," he answered then. "You're a woman in a thousand. You make it look very simple. But do I want to go home and settle down there? How would you look at Newburyport?"

"Tell me about it."

He complied, sketching for her the towns of the Massachusetts coast, the New England backbone of primitive life, the influx of Caribbean and Oriental customs brought home by the clipper-ships—a bare, raw picture it seemed. Yet the color came into her cheeks as she listened, and her questions were to the point, and the hard poised character of her stood out with chiseled delicacy.

"It's not what I know, perhaps not what I'd like," she said frankly, at last. "You know, I've been at school in Spain. I know the world. Isn't a person able to conform to strange ways and habits? That's the value of what's inside one. Yes! I should like above all things to put myself to the test and try this wonderful country of yours. Why, even the getting there would be a romance—sailing the oceans, touching at strange ports!"

"Curiosity wouldn't last," he said awkwardly.

She flushed with irritation. "Certainly not. It would have to be something deeper and firmer, my friend. A woman is not a fairy sprite who could land lightly, pluck a flower and then breeze away on gossamer wings to some other paradise. She must stay and create things, work with what already exists, make her own place—as a man must, too, like your Yankees who come here. Is that sufficient answer to your query?"

"Enough to humble me," he said. They had come again to the bridge and the sentries and the high wall. "And your offer—to find a man, a partner, here?"

Her eyes sparkled. "You're in earnest? Then bring your funny Yankee consul to my father's office, after the siesta tomorrow. I'll have my man there, to talk terms."

He promised.

That afternoon he arranged the meeting with Consul Newsome, who thought him a bit daft because he could not name his prospective partner, but was not unwilling to have a bit of cash drop into his pocket, if a deal for the ships could be made.

In the evening, Don Carlos was among the guests at a very formal dinner Don Clemente was giving. Cooper disliked being a family guest, and had resolved to find some other living quarters when occasion offered; he was not free enough here. When he met Don Carlos, the Spaniard spoke softly, rapidly.

"Good news, my friend! I have secured a large shipment; it will not

reach here for two weeks or so. Is everything arranged about the ships?"

"As yet, no," replied Cooper. "I hope to know definitely very soon, and shall get in touch with you at once."

They had no further opportunity for private speech, but this was enough. Cooper had begun to regret his assent to the proposal of Don Carlos, but this could not now be helped. Since the man was an influential official, he could only trust that everything would pass off smoothly.

LATER in the evening Cooper went outside for a smoke by himself. Smoking in the house was confined to the smoking-room, and this was full. Perfectly alight, he strode up and down the path in the patio, and caught a sudden voice addressing him.

"Ahoy, Cap'n! Cap'n Cooper!"

"Yes?" he rejoined and a shadowy figure appeared, speaking in guarded accents.

"A word with ye, sir." He did not know the furtive speaker—probably an English or American sailor stranded in the city. "Be you a-going into a deal with Don Carlos for Moro gold?"

"What's it to you?" snapped Cooper. "Who are you?"

"That don't matter, Cap'n," came response. "But I can tell you true about it, and a rum go it be! Aye, sir. A few Spanish dollars in hand, and I'll make it well worth your while—"

Cooper's anger sprang swift and hot. He moved swiftly, crowding the cloaked figure against the side of an arch and seizing hold of him.

"Come out of that—come into the light where I can see you," he cried. "What you're driving at I don't know, but I'll have no cowardly goings-on—"

The silver gleam of a knife drove at him, so wickedly that only his backward leap evaded it. The cloaked figure burst free of him with a savage oath. Cooper tripped over a root and went sprawling; when he regained his feet, the man was gone.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Someone not only knew of his connection with Don Carlos, but guessed what was afoot—someone who knew him, too, at least by sight! Offering for a handful of dollars, to tell him—what? Too vague; he brushed it aside.

"Some rascal who hated Don Carlos, perhaps, and misconstrues the whole affair," he reflected. "Or someone trying to cadge a bit of money. Certainly no angel, to judge by his knife-work! Let it pass, and forget it."

Morning found him more than ever resolved to leave Don Clemente's house and get clear out of the city, if possible; he disliked being cooped up here. If he bought those ships, he would have excuse enough.

Naturally, he had some suspicion whither Felicia's promise to find him



a partner tended. Don Clemente's affairs in China had gone badly of late; and Cooper would have liked nothing better than for Don Clemente to enter his own firm.

The siesta hour came and passed. Cooper went to Don Clemente's office in the old arcade-shaded Calle de Almagro and found Felicia there, all laughter and eager words. Cooper pretended vast surprise at her mock formal introduction to Don Clemente as the partner she had selected for him; smiling, the two men shook hands, and a glass of wine sealed the ceremony. Newsome arrived, and Cooper stepped outside to the arcade with her, leaving Newsome to discuss the four ships with her father.

"I suppose you're not really surprised at all?" she asked.

"Only a little—but very glad indeed," he rejoined. "There's another

"Here's luck all around . . . happiness for the right party!"

connection with your family, Felicia, that I'm not so sure about."

"Oh, I know." She shook her head.

"I fear it may be more difficult."

"You know?" he exclaimed.

She gave him a full-eyed look of surprise. "It is no secret that you seek the hand of Doña Bustamente."

"The devil!" Cooper did not catch the mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you—"

"Well, don't go into it now," she went on. "True, she has been a widow these twenty years, but I'll talk with her and feel her out for you, my friend. You may rely on me—and think what a dowry she'll bring! You are not the first to cast sighs in that direction— But here's my father."

"Come along, Capitan!" Don Clemente appeared with jovial call. "We need your head on the figures! Felicia, go and find a good personal servant for the Capitan."

The girl waved her hand, turned away and walked off; Cooper joined Don Clemente and returned inside. He was distinctly worried by her words about Doña Bustamente. Surely she must know better than to suspect such a thing!

So, at the discussion, he was distraught. It went well, since Newsome pushed his ends and Don Clemente, heavily in Cooper's debt both literally and figuratively, was the soul of generosity. At length an agreement was drawn up and initialed, and with heavy handshakes Consul Newsome departed. Don Clemente came back to Cooper.

"My friend, what's wrong? You look like a thundercloud. What, not



even a smile for your new partner? There's wine cooling for a drink when Felicia returns. Your looks will spoil it. Come, what's on your mind?"

Cooper was not a good liar in such a pinch.

"I—I'm caught in a bog," he stammered. "It's Felicia, sir. She has misunderstood my aims. I was talking of herself. She thought it was of her great-aunt—"

He blurted it out, and Don Clemente began to laugh, then stopped short.

"D'ye think you're the first man to be caught in a girl's whimsy, Cooper? Not a word, now—I hear the clerks in the next room speaking to her—she's coming now. So—you ignore ceremonious Spanish custom by approaching a young lady direct, you barbarian Yankee, instead of arranging matters with her family, eh?" As he spoke, the door opened. He went on blandly: "Let this be a lesson to you, sir. We shall drink a glass of wine to our new agreement, and toast your happy fu-

*"Who are you?" snapped Cooper.
"I'll have no cowardly goings-on!"*

ture with my aunt the illustrious Doña Bustamente."

Felicia stood on the threshold, in dismay. Behind her was what Cooper took to be a golden-brown youth, a Filipino. He was shut out as Don Clemente turned to his daughter and closed the door, pulling the bell-cord as he did so.

"Just in time, my dear, to join us in a toast to the new firm—a three-way business between China, Manila and New England! Thanks to you, all has worked out. Captain Cooper takes the four ships—I'll have an adjustment with Don Esteban by tomorrow—and goes home, via Honolulu." A servant entered. "The wine, Julio, and glasses. Be seated, Felicia. You will rejoice to hear that our guest has sought an alliance with our family—it will have to be discussed, of course—"

He winked at Cooper.

Felicia started in surprise at meeting Cooper's laughing gray eyes.

"I'm sure," she began, "that any such alliance would be an honor to our family— Oh! You're laughing, both of you! What is it?"

"You have just said all that needs be said, my dear," chuckled Don Clemente. "Having the family approval, Captain Cooper has my permission to take you for a drive this afternoon and explain the matter at length. I trust you are not occupied?"

She shot Cooper a glance, and lowered her eyes; color rose in her face.

"A duenna should accompany us, but I'll not insist on it," she said. Then, as the wine and a tray of glasses were brought, she called in the brown-skinned youth and remarked:

"Captain Cooper, this is Felipe—a perfect servant. He's a native of good birth, not a dwarf but very small in size. Here, Felipe! He'll come into your service this evening, if you arrange with him, Captain."

Felipe, though small, was graceful and agile. He had no family and was afire to see the world; the idea of becoming Cooper's personal servant, of going to America, delighted him. Terms were settled; he kissed Cooper's hand, then that of Felicia, and was gone.

"Señor Capitan, we'll leave the wording of the toast to you," said Don Clemente when the glasses were filled. Cooper lifted his own, smiling at Felicia.

"Here's luck all around! I always said you had a mighty pretty name, miss—here's hoping it means happiness for the right party!"

The toast was drunk; and later in the afternoon Ezra Cooper took the drive of his life. On all grounds, it was a day of days; Don Clemente and Newsome reached a highly satisfactory settlement with the Governor about the ships and they were made over to Cooper. He sat up late that night discussing details with Don Clemente—financial and otherwise. He urged the necessity for staying aboard the ships and seeing to their repairs and crews, so it was settled that he should do this until shortly before the wedding, taking Felipe with him. After all, he would still be in daily contact with the Bustamente family.

THE day that saw him put in possession was like a dream, second only to that of Felicia's assent. He was going home a married man, partner in a world-wide trading firm, with four ships in hand! Largest of these ships was the *Hannah* of Salem, which Cooper took for his own. The lorch he sent back to Canton, with letters to his partner there. Then, settled aboard the *Hannah*, he bent himself to the work in hand, at the same time keeping the big event of his marriage before him as the goal of all achievement.

In the background, a disturbing bit of business, remained the affair of Don Carlos. He had not forgotten that unknown man in the night, with the vague offer and the ready knife, although the memory dimmed before the cordial words of Don Carlos. Florid congratulations on his engagement; once, said Don Carlos, he had entertained hopes in that direction himself, but the prize had fallen to a better man. It was warmly said and the American liked Don Carlos the better for it. As for the traffic in gold-dust, that was being handled neatly and efficiently. The Moro shippers were sending the stuff to Manila, and a native craft would set four chests aboard the *Hannah*, with a small casket containing pearls and Celebes diamonds; the gold would be sold at Hilo or Honolulu.

"I'll give you letters to my agents there, later. They'll handle my share.

You'll give me a receipt when the stuff comes aboard," said Don Carlos carelessly. "It'll be a week or so. When do you leave?"

Cooper told him—it was to be the day after the wedding, a fortnight distant, meaning the high tide following. Three ships were going ahead, with the *Hannah* following to catch them at Hilo; so Don Carlos swung off with a nod, and Cooper gave the matter little thought. No letters came from Don Carlos to his Hawaiian agents, but Cooper was too busy to worry about it.

Aside from personal affairs, he had his hands full getting the four ships ready and manned. Crews were easy; lascars, Manila men and Hawaiians thought nothing of a trip to New England, but officers were harder to locate, since Cooper was particular about his men. Felipe proved to be a jewel. The cabins aboard the *Hannah* were altered to give Felicia a certain lack of restrictions, and Felipe was a far better servant than a woman would have been at sea.

As the days passed, things fell into shape, and at last the three vessels upped hook and disappeared for the east and north with a fair wind. The last week of Cooper's stay was at hand. He had an old Salem man, Mr. Potts, for his chief mate, and an efficient second in Brewster, a New Yorker, so he was free to go ashore and give his time to Felicia.

Diamonds were not yet in fashion, but he had secured for her a ring mounted with a bit of the finest gem jade—something far more expensive. Also, he had a teakwood stand made, and presented her with the little square cup, gold-fired and inscribed, which had so largely governed his good fortune since leaving Newburyport. At this she hesitated.

"It may be giving away your luck, my dear," she said, and he laughed.

"What I give to you I give to myself. No more nonsense! If we believed in luck, my greatest would be yourself, dear Felicia. I could never give that away."

Yet it was with a slight pang that he saw this precious object, the gift of a Chinese emperor in olden days, go out of his keeping. He denied superstition, yet after all—well, a sailor will have his failings. And it was only the next day that Don Carlos came to him, when he was buying cabin stores.

The Spaniard was jubilant. "It is here, Señor Capitan! My Moro friends have brought it; the money is paid, there only remains to deliver it to your ship. You set the time. It must be at night, of course."

"And this is Saturday," said Cooper. "I'm on shore over Sunday. Say, Monday night at eight? I'll go aboard with you then to receive the chests."

"Excellent. There is twenty thousand in gold, by weight; twice that amount in a free market, not to mention the chest of pearls and diamonds. I borrowed most of the payment money; there is nothing to worry about."

"Except the letter to your agent at the islands."

"Oh! Most certainly, my friend; at the last moment. Suppose we meet, then, at seven Monday evening; I'll have a boat to put us aboard, eh?"

Cooper agreed. The wedding was to be three days later; there was no reason to hesitate, and he was going to turn a very pretty penny by the deal. He had a drink with Don Carlos, and they separated, after rearranging that a boat from the *Hannah* would pick them up. Attracting too much attention to the vessel, he considered, would be a bad idea.

Monday afternoon, then, Felipe was sent aboard to remain there, with a letter to Mr. Potts about sending a boat that evening. Cooper, already oppressed by social duties, arranged for a clear evening after dinner. His wound was well healed; life was at its most radiant and fortune was at its crest; he had no apprehensions of anything going amiss and was supremely happy and confident. When he met Don Carlos at the appointed hour and they walked together to the boat-stairs to meet the boat, he was treading on air.

Mr. Potts himself had brought the boat from the *Hannah*. They crowded into the sternsheets with him; nothing better could have offered, for the long trip out to the ship gave an opportunity to tell him safely about the chests coming aboard in an hour, and how to handle them. He was a dour New Englander, and merely grunted understanding; but, before reaching the ship, he laid a hand on Cooper's knee.

"If ye can spare me ten minutes, sir, there's an important matter I need to lay afore you, and it can't wait."

"Very well," said Cooper. "Have Don Carlos shown into the main cabin, serve a drink, and I'll join him there when I've spoken with you, Mister. Nothing wrong?"

"Not afore an hour or two, sir," said the mate mysteriously.

SINCE there was no hurry—they had to await the Moros anyhow—Cooper laughed and explained to Don Carlos, who produced cigars and jested light-heartedly. The mass of the ship loomed up before them, lanterns winking about the deck, and they went up the ladder, to receive a cheery greeting from Felipe and the crew mustered under Mr. Brewster. The second mate took Don Carlos and Felipe in hand and set out with them for the main cabin, and Cooper followed Mr. Potts to the quarterdeck.

"Well, Mr. Potts, what's all this mystery about?" he inquired.

"I been ashore here six months or more, sir," said Potts in a low voice. "I never knew afore tonight that you was acquainted wi' this slippery don who ships casks aboard, or I'd ha' spoke of it. I hope you won't hold it ag'in' me, sir."

"I'll hold nothing against you except silence, if you know of something amiss," said Cooper, startled. "Spit it out."

"Thank'ee, sir. It was him shipping chests aboard that done for the Nantucket whaler *What Ho!* when she was a-laying here four months back. And he played the same trick on a Limey barque and done for her; him friends wi' the master and all that. If so be as them chests coming aboard have got gold in 'em, Mr. Cooper, every one of us is gone coons right now, and the ship lost to boot."

COOPER went cold to his backbone. This knowledge on the part of Potts was its own verification.

"What's the lay?" he snapped. "It's gold, yes. But how can—"

Mr. Potts stifled a groan. "Then it's too late; knockin' him on the head would do no good, sir; we're done for, sartin. It's a game all them officials at the castle are in together, and no amount of pull will save us."

"Explain!" demanded Ezra Cooper. "How is it worked?"

"The chests are slipped aboard by Moros, sir, all hunky-dory, full of gold. He has put up the money to pay for it, or you have. He stays for a drink and to sign the papers and so on. A couple of hours later, guard-boats come alongside with soldiers. He has already summoned 'em. The ship is seized, then and there. The gold is found. The officers are clapped into jail. Consul can't do no good—the Governor himself is in the game. The only possible way to get clear, would be to slip the cable and go out on the tide—but you can't do that, what with getting married and all. You're stuck, sir."

For a moment Cooper stood frozen, under an awful tide of dismay. In a flash he perceived that there was no escape indeed; Spanish graft and subtlety had ensnared him. Even if he stayed and fought the matter, his marriage with Felicia would be ruined. In that moment his brain raced madly. Act—move—take any chance!

"Seven-thirty—the tide's just on the ebb," he said. "We'll have to take those chests aboard—by the Lord, I'll take a chance! But first, we must make certain of this. I can't fly off on hearsay, and there's no time to lose. Can I depend on you?"

"Ain't no limit, Cap'n."

"Then get a pistol, another for me, and come along. Pick a fresh boat's

crew from the men; I'll have to go to town again, if the worst is true. That's why he gave me no letter to a Manila agent—the damned dog! He'd cheat me and the Moros both!"

Potts clumped away at a fast clip. Cooper paced the deck. Tide was on the ebb—good! There was a brisk offshore wind; the ship could clear the bay easily—it was the trip ashore that worried him. All the risks lay there.

"How will she take it—how will she venture?" he asked himself, in torment. "I'm a fool to take the chance—hell's bells! I'd be a fool not to!"

Here came Potts, and Cooper took the heavy pistol from him.

"Ain't loaded," he said. "Doctor was aboard today; signed clearance papers. You seen the harbor-master yet?"

"All set," replied Cooper. "Now step below and stand by."

They passed down into the luxuriously furnished cabin, lighted by a huge lamp slung in gimbals. When Cooper walked in, Don Carlos was seated by the center table and Felipe was just bowing before him, holding a silver salver with glasses and wine. Cooper swung the pistol. Bottle and glasses shattered, the salver was knocked across the cabin ringing like a bell. Felipe shrank back in terror, and Don Carlos came to his feet. Cooper presented the pistol at him and cocked it.

"Search him, Mr. Potts."

Potts with his own cocked pistol intervened, and he was not gentle in his methods. He jerked the jacket of Don Carlos away to reveal, up each shirt-cuff, cleverly hidden, tiny pistols on spring mountings. Cooper seized the jacket, and from its inside pocket produced a folded document with gaudy seals—an order, no less, for the seizure of the ship and the arrest of its crew, on the charge of illegal dealings in precious metals; and it was signed by the Governor, Don Esteban.

"Here's the proof," said Cooper. "All arranged and signed in advance, too—"

Don Carlos had lost his derringers but not his audacity.

"You *Americano* fools!" he cried, with a torrent of hot oaths. "It is too late now—your only hope is to make a bargain with me or you'll be jailed for life! So you think you can come here and steal our women, do you? Bah! Don't threaten me with your weapons—if you dare lay a hand on me, you'll be flogged in public—"

INDEED, as he spoke a knife had slid into his hand. That was his mistake, for next instant Cooper's pistol swung, and the heavy barrel sprawled him.

"Into the boat, Felipe!" Cooper cried. "Mr. Potts, take care of this rascal; put him ashore last thing. Get the chests aboard, then have the cable

ready to slip and the canvas ready to shake out—I'll have to run for it now."

"Trust me, sir—and good luck go with you!" Potts cried after him.

TWO minutes later, with Felipe crouched beside him, Ezra Cooper was heading shoreward in the sternsheets of the boat. He spoke rapidly.

"The house of Don Clemente is not near the wharves; I'll have to get a carriage. You run on afoot and locate the señorita. Tell her to come to the side door of the house and see me—and speed, Felipe! Every moment counts! Don't let anyone else know I'm here."

Felipe assented. Too late, Cooper now perceived why Don Clemente had warned him against Don Carlos and the gold business. The signed warrant in his pocket showed that he could get no help from anyone; his only hope lay in taut canvas and a breeze over the horizon—and audacity. But to put Felicia to such a test came hard.

He took Felipe ashore at the boat stairs, ordered the rowers to sit tight, and identified himself to the sentry up above. Felipe set off at a run, and he himself went in search of a carriage. It was not too late to find one, and he was presently riding to the house of Don Clemente. They halted at the side door. He climbed out to be greeted by darkness and silence. Then a step sounded, and he descried a white figure.

"Felicia!" He was at her side in an instant. "Listen—there's no time to explain; I'm trapped, the ship's about to be seized and everyone arrested; our only hope is to slip out to sea and go, without a moment's delay. I've come here to ask you to go with me, if you can trust me that far. I don't even dare try to find your father. Our marriage must be delayed, but you shall have the kind you want, I swear it! We can find a priest at the islands—the need for haste now is desperate—"

He could feel her stiffen in recoil. "Ezra! Think of the reception, of the formalities—"

"There'd hardly be any, with me in prison," he hurried on. "Still, the choice is yours—no time to consult your father, even. Here," he fumbled out the folded warrant of arrest, "leave this with someone for him; it'll explain everything till we can write."

She took it. "This is terrible, Ezra! How could we get my trunks—"

"Trunks, clothes, gifts—you'll have to drop everything and run. I must do the same. I know it's hard. If you don't trust me, I can't blame you a bit. If you want to wait until I can return another time, that's for you to say. At the moment, I'm trapped and must run for it to save my ship—"

"And my wedding dress isn't finished yet!" she moaned. "It's impos-

sible! I just can't leave in this fashion, like a thief in the night!"

"If those *guardia de costa* boats beat me back to the ship, it means bullets to dodge," he said grimly. "All right. I'm asking the impossible—I can't blame you, my dear—one last kiss before I leave—"

She wrenched herself from his grasp. "You darling fool, I didn't say I wouldn't go with you! Of course I will!" she exclaimed. "But not in this dress. Felipe! Come along, get what we can carry—wait here, Ezra."

She was gone in the darkness. The carriage driver chuckled.

"Praise the saints, señor—give a woman a chance at clothes, and the day is won!" he exclaimed. "Like the wrapper on a cigar, the outside means everything to a woman. We return to the wharves? Then I'll get turned around."

Scarcely had he accomplished this, when Felipe and Felicia came with a load of garments and packages that filled the carriage, Felicia now in a warm dark robe whose cape came over her head.

"You couldn't expect me to leave your Chinese cup behind!" she said, as everything was bundled in. "Thank goodness, nobody heard us—and I got my jewels. If there are sentries at the docks, you must give them something—here's a gold-piece for them—"

"You are wonderful!" said Cooper, in relief and delight. "I haven't more than enough for the driver. All ready!"

The carriage started, Felipe perched on the load. At the landing, the sentry discreetly turned his back and absorbed the gold-piece, and everything was bundled down into the boat.

ON the long pull out to the ship, which by agreement showed two lanterns, Cooper acquainted Felicia with all the details of the evening. She at once agreed that he had chosen the only possible way out.

"You are quite mad, my precious—and I love you for it!" she said. "Everybody is going to be frightfully upset; and when are we going to be married?"

"God knows!" said Cooper. "But you want a priest, and so I'll get one somehow."

"Well, I'm relieved of one anxiety," she countered. "And that is how to combine a honeymoon with seasickness. Doña Bustamente had some remarkable things to say about it."

"I'll bet she did!" agreed Cooper. "You'll have the main cabin all to yourself, my precious, at least as far as the islands, so don't worry. There are our two lights close. All well so far."

A hail, and they drew in to the gangway. At news that Felicia was aboard, the crew let out a cheer, and Mr. Potts handed her up to the deck.



Cooper spoke rapidly: "You'll run on afoot and locate the señorita. Speed, Felipe!"

"All well, sir," he reported. "The natives arrived with the chests, and I sent the don ashore with 'em. They'll keep him from doing any talking until daylight, and if we ain't tops'ls-under by then, it'll be a funny thing!"

"Take the deck, till I get the señorita placed below," Cooper directed. "Soon as the boat's in, slip your cable and let's go."

He followed Felice and Felipe down to the main cabin, and helped her off with her enveloping cape.

"Every window is curtained, my dear; keep 'em so for the present," he said. "Well, this is your domain; I'll bunk elsewhere. Welcome home, my sweetheart!"

She came to him. A little cry broke from her as the ship careened, and he caught her with a laugh.

"You'll get used to that; and I'll make up to you for everything," he said. "Everyone aboard will do that, my dear. There's a new life ahead now—a glad one, I hope. Another lurch—we're under way. Do you want a last look at the lights of Manila?"

"No," she answered. "All that matters now are the lights—of America." That drew a laugh from him.

When, a little later, he went on deck, canvas was tight and the *Hannah* leaning slightly to the thrust of the wind. He went up to the mate.

"Well, Mr. Potts, what did you do with those chests that came aboard?"

"Well," drawled the other, "got 'em lashed up for'ard, just in case you wanted to chuck 'em overboard and be rid of 'em."

"I'm surprised at you, Mr. Potts," Cooper rejoined. "Thought you were a Salem man? Since when did Salem men go to jettisoning gold-dust?"

"Well, it's closer to the fore-hatch than over the side," said Mr. Potts. "And as for the root of all evil, I reckon it don't pull no harder at a Salem man than it does at a Newburyport man, Cap'n."

"Right you are," said Cooper. "So the first chance you get to open the fore-hatch, Mr. Potts, put that gold where it belongs."

"Aye-aye, sir," said Mr. Potts dryly.



H-Day at Goshen

THERE IS SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL AND VERY AMERICAN
ABOUT THE TROTTING HARNESS HORSES.

by PAUL KAMEY

IT makes your pulse race fast; and if you're sentimental, it will bring a lump to your throat—this transformation of a sleepy little sun-dappled town in Orange County, New York, into a frenzied, humanity-packed mecca for a single day each year. And shining magic is in the name of a big homely stallion whose blood courses through the veins of the vast majority of harness horses in the United States today.

To Goshen, lying between New Jersey and the silver-blue Hudson River, they come, these worshipers from every state in the Union and some from distant countries, to watch on a steamy August afternoon each year, the running of the Hambletonian.

It is something in the nature of the sport itself that makes the Hambletonian unlike any other famous sport-

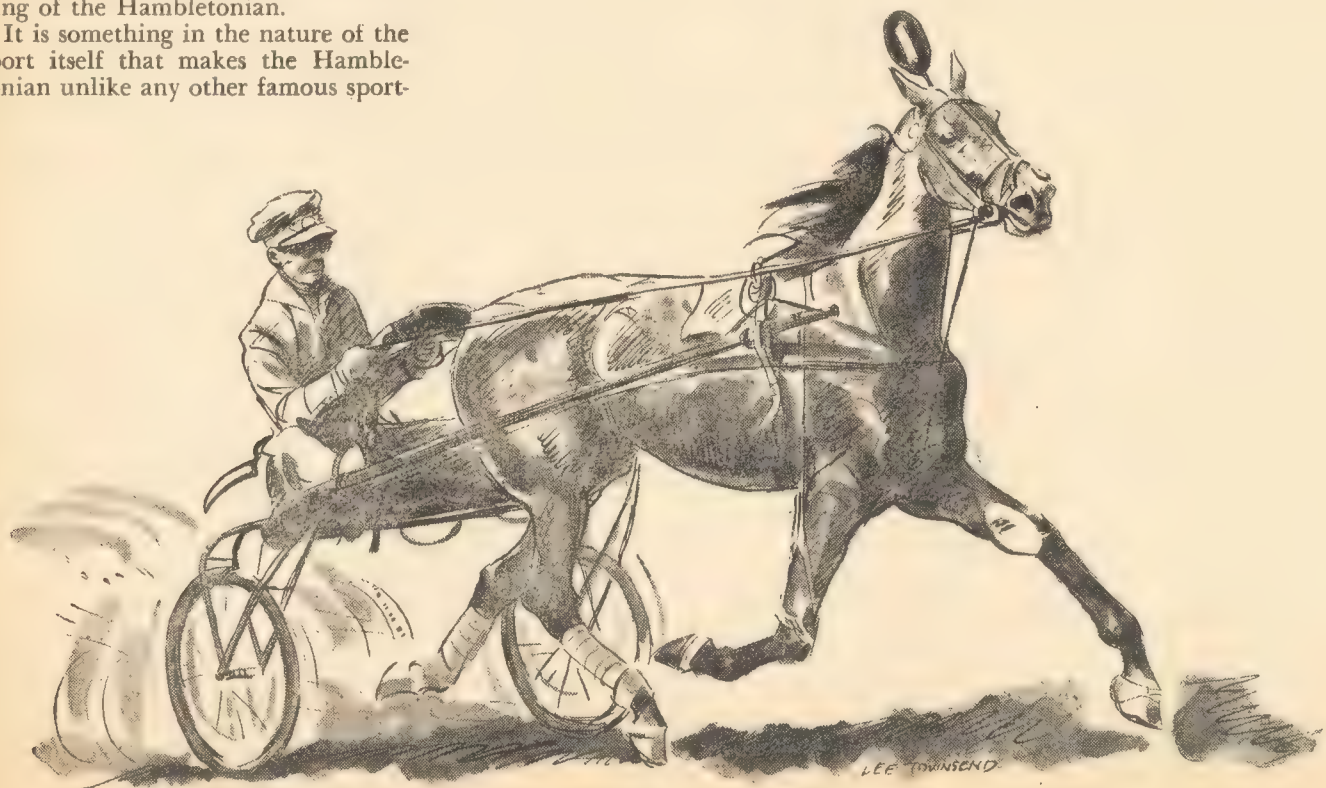
ing event in the world; something that is grass-roots and American, and echoes of the flying hoofs of horses racing farmers' buggies down a country road, and on harness tracks that once included New York's teeming Third Avenue.

And the horse himself, whose name is honored in this annual trotting classic, his is the story of the ugly duckling above whose grave today stands a thirty-foot granite shaft with a marker at its base stating:

HAMBLETONIAN
THE GREAT PROGENITOR OF TROTTERS
BORN MAY 5, 1849 DIED MARCH 27, 1876

This year thousands will jam the Good Time Track at Goshen to watch the finest trotters in the world race over the triangular one-mile course, and in a matter of swift minutes another horse will have carved his name in trotting's hall of fame. But woven about the breath-taking suspense of those minutes will be all the color and noise and excitement of a gigantic party.

It's the celebrants who help give the day its unique atmosphere. No other sport draws such a heterogeneous collection of patrons. Slim debs rub elbows with shirt-sleeved farmers; dignified business men move casually be-





side perspiring mammas trying to keep possession of sticky-fingered youngsters; dapper Broadway characters lean on the rail next to dungareed spectators, cheering the horses home.

There is the loudspeaker, spilling out music and the names of the horses; and the corn-on-the-cob and home-fried chicken. There is the dust, and the sprinkling wagon wetting down the track; and there was the drivers' bronzed faces, vivid against the brightly colored silk blouses and caps. In the town itself, an army of enterprising youngsters borrow old-fashioned water pitchers from kitchen cupboards and set up lemonade stands on the dusty streets. The hoot of the Erie Railroad seems to sound constantly. Handkerchief patches of lawn become parking lots for the day.

It is all a far cry from the day a little more than a century ago that Charles Kent, a horse-breeder, saw a rather dispirited, ungainly mare drawing a fish-wagon down a lonely country road in Orange County.

Something in the mare's manner evidently appealed to Kent; and he purchased her for only fifty dollars. Strangely, she has come down in harness history simply as "the Charles Kent mare." But the chance of true fame slipped through Kent's fingers when he sold the mare to Jonas Seely, a farmer near Chester, N. Y., for \$135 in 1849.

A few months later Seely also sold the mare. But by this time something new had been added—a gangling foal, a completely unpromising youngster huddling close to his mother's side. The new owner was William Rysdyk, a neighboring farmer.

Another version of this historic sale has it that Rysdyk was a hired hand of Farmer Seely, who bought the mare in the hope that he might become a prosperous farmer like his employer and some day retire to a life of ease. It is hardly possible he actually foresaw the riches that later came to him.

Farmer or hired man, even Rysdyk almost missed his chance to ride the

star of fame, for he argued stubbornly with Seely over the price, and claimed the mare had been lamed hauling wagons over New York's cobblestones. Finally he agreed to pay \$125 for the pair. Little was said at that time about the scrawny colt.

It was this same scrawny colt which turned out to be Rysdyk's ticket to a life of ease, although he was hardly noticed while the two men haggled over the sale.

He was given the name Hambletonian. In his second year he had already lost the puny look and won the prize for best stallion at the Orange County Fair. He drew a little additional notice the following year when he re-

ceived five dollars as the best three-year-old of his class at the fair.

DESPITE these faint glimmers of greater things to come, Hambletonian was still an ugly duckling to the local harness gentry, who had their own sleek, well-proportioned favorites. He was called a great many uncomplimentary names—including "Bill Rysdyk's bull"—by those who scanned the big, unrefined head, the sparse foretop and mane, and the neck, limbs and body that were clearly out of proportion when judged against the average harness racer. But Bill Rysdyk's faith in the big stallion remained unwavering.

*Illustrated
by Lee
Townsend*



In the beginning Rysdyk permitted neighboring farmers to use the horse at no charge, for stud purposes. When Hambletonian foals began to cross the finish-line first with persistent regularity, Rysdyk asked a modest thirty-five-dollar fee.

When it became clear that the get of the big stallion were marked for championships, Rysdyk asked and got five hundred dollars for each service. And to fulfill the dream of the man who had bought both mother and son for \$125, Hambletonian sired 1,333 foals before he died, earning a staggering \$186,715!

TWENTY-FIVE years after his death, harness racing went into a sudden decline. With the dawn of the new century men began tinkering with a contraption called the horseless buggy, and for a number of years harness racing was once more relegated principally to back roads in the country, and to the small rural tracks in the United States.

But the sport and the fine inspiring animals it bred remained strong in the hearts of harness men. And it began to gain favor once again. After a steady come-back a group of enthusiasts got together in 1924 and agreed to institute an annual classic—a World Series or Kentucky Derby or National Open—of trotting. The name was inevitable.

In 1926 the first Hambletonian was run at Syracuse, N. Y., and won by Guy McKinney. (It became an annual event at Goshen in 1930.) Surprisingly, the value of that first race, \$73,451, has never been equaled. In 1934 it dropped to \$25,845. The 1947 running, valued at \$46,267, was distinguished by Hoot Mon, a swift black colt, setting a new Hambletonian record of an even two minutes for the mile.

Hambletonian himself did the mile in a lumbering 2:48, and was used principally throughout his life for breeding, rather than racing, when it was discovered he could transmit the speed and conformation that spelled four-footed lightning on the harness track.

Today harness racing has regained its old position—and more! Over five hundred harness tracks are in operation throughout the country from coast to coast. More than fifteen thousand horses are in training. Millions annually watch the trotters and pacers compete for more than a million dollars in purses, thrilled by the ineffable smoothness of motion in the precisely bred trotting-pacing gaits.

A horse's natural instinct is to gallop, and trotters must be trained to use the right front foot and rear left foot simultaneously, while the pacer uses the feet on the same side simultaneously. Some historians attribute

the artificial gait to British farmers who, in the Eighteenth Century, grew weary of jouncing over bumpy roads and trained their horses to a quick walk instead of a gallop.

Whatever the reason, harness racing seems destined to remain one of America's favorite sports—both to participate in and watch. And the heart of the sport must remain, it seems, the Hambletonian and rustic little Goshen, where once more they'll come this year, the vast admixture of humans, filling the elm-lined streets, gazing in shop windows at the sporting prints, honoring, in spirit, a great animal whose epitaph might have been written in the words of John H. Wallace, first compiler of the Trotting Register, who is quoted as stating:

"When the horse was first led out, his movements were so frictionless and faultless that he impressed me as the most wonderful horse I had ever seen. He seemed as supple as a cat and as powerful as an elephant. As he walked, he kept pushing those crooked hindlegs under him in a manner that gave him a motion particularly his own, and suggested the immense possibilities of his stride when opened out on a track."

It's safe to assume Bill Rysdyk would have liked those fine words about his ugly duckling.



PICTURESQUE PEOPLE—IV

The Pirate Doctor

THE SCOURGE OF THE SPANISH MAIN RETIRED BEFORE FORTY TO BECOME A RESPECTED PHYSICIAN.

by PHILLIP S. GELB

HERE is a true medical-science story; yet it is one fully as fabulous as Hollywood's most extravagant type of fiction. The hero of our true story was a buccaneer of the Spanish Main. His name was Thomas Dover, a handsome, intelligent Englishman—and pirate extraordinary.

At the turn of the Seventeenth Century no pirate was more feared and respected than the learned Britisher, Thomas Dover. Any man's equal when it came to the use of the sword and the pistol, he was most men's superior when it came to the use of the mind. Thomas Dover was a sensitive, educated man, who, unable to face the hypocrisy of his times, made this statement early in his life: "I will be a pirate because I am an honest man. If, to get along, I must rob and steal and plunder from my fellow-creatures, let them know me for what I am."

And so Thomas Dover did not become a merchant, or a lawyer, or a statesman; he became a pirate and a most thorough pirate. He became the scourge of the Spanish Main, a robber-baron on the high sea, sometimes a ruthless murderer of innocent people. Thomas Dover showed no compromise as a pirate. He chose an evil job, and he did it well.

No matter what the story-books and the technicolor movies show, there is nothing very glorious about the life of a pirate. Property is destroyed; men suffer; innocents perish, so that gold coins may accumulate in the treasure chest of a tyrant. No matter how honestly he outwardly stated his position, inwardly Thomas Dover knew this was the truth. He was a tyrannical thief and a murderer—and for what?

Buccaneer Thomas Dover was not yet forty years of age when he made a decision that changed his entire life and the fate of thousands. It was a calm, warm spring night, and his ship was pulling into Southampton. As long as English pirates did not plun-

der English ships, they were welcome in English ports. Thomas Dover played the game accordingly. He was one of the most admired pirates on English soil. He had a huge fortune of gold and jewels in his cabin. He had power and fame. In England he had even social acceptance and respect. He had a beautiful home, an immense library. He had friends; men admired him; women adored him. Not yet forty, buccaneer Thomas Dover had everything his heart desired; and yet he was not a happy man.

Such were Thomas Dover's thoughts when they were interrupted that warm spring night by a frantic first mate. "It's old Sam, Captain. . . . He's asking for you. I'm afraid, sir, he's—he's dying." Without a word Thomas Dover followed his first mate. . . . Old Sam dying, the one hand who had been with him from the beginning!

Again Thomas Dover's thoughts were interrupted by the first mate. "It's the stomach sickness, sir. Nothing seems to help." The stomach sickness—the painful killer that had taken more of his men than the law and the sea combined.

It was a deeply grief-stricken but still analytical Thomas Dover who knelt beside his dying friend that warm spring night nearly 250 years ago. Old Sam was hardly conscious. His wrinkled face was red and burning with fever. Dover just lightly touched the stricken man's stomach, and old Sam squirmed in pain and agony. Thomas Dover knew the symptoms well. Old Sam would not last out the night.

The young English buccaneer slowly walked across the cabin. For several minutes he simply gazed through a porthole out onto the never-ending, silent sea. The only sounds he heard were the glide of the ship through the water, and the agonized moans of a dying old man. And then Thomas Dover made his decision. He turned to his first mate. "We will divide up

the accumulations. The ship will go to you and the men. This is my last voyage."

And so it was, without fanfare or even a duel to the death, the colorful career of Thomas Dover the pirate came to an end. But in a way, the story of Thomas Dover the man was just beginning.

DEATH-DEFYING buccaneer Thomas Dover retired to become a quiet and searching student. His friends could not understand it. Women, who had been most anxious to meet a handsome, swashbuckling ex-pirate, were most disappointed on meeting a middle-aged unassuming student of medical science. Yes, Thomas Dover was inquiring into the physical ills of mankind—into one ill in particular, the agonizing stomach sickness known today as dysentery. The scourge of dysentery during the last war was widespread. In Thomas Dover's time, however, dysentery was even more prevalent and far more fatal. In dysentery epidemics almost one-third of the victims died. It doesn't seem possible that pirating could be a good training for a doctor, but in this case it proved exactly that.

In his buccaneering voyages around the world, Thomas Dover had encountered numerous types of medicinal preparations. Most of them were of little value, but a few of these cures showed definite powers. For instance, there was opium from the Orient. A dangerous drug, it still had pain-killing powers. Then there was saltpeter, which had proved its anodyne qualities aboard ship. In a little Dutch port Thomas Dover became acquainted with sulphate of potash, a potential germ-killer. But mostly, Dover had faith in a medicinal preparation from the West Indies, containing a drug now called ipecac.

Thomas Dover prepared a mixture of these four drugs with which he had become acquainted in his world-wide pirate travels. He called this mixture

Dover's Ipecac Powders. Would this mixture cure dysentery? Or would it prove more dangerous than the disease? This was the fear that haunted the new Thomas Dover. Might his medicine prove dangerous, perhaps even poisonous?

Thomas Dover once had treated life very lightly; but that was before he realized that the greatest happiness and peace of mind a person can receive comes through saving and enriching the gift of life for mankind—and that "mankind" means every kind of man. No, it would be too hazardous to try out his powders first on any human being. And so Thomas Dover went to the city's dog-pound and asked them for some of the animals they were about to destroy. Doctor or pirate, Thomas Dover was not a man to say no to; he got his cats and dogs.

AND SO, following his new way of life, Thomas Dover turned to the relatively humane way of testing a medicine—by experiments upon animals.

He fed the animals contaminated meat. Within the week some of them showed the dysentery symptoms—fever, diarrhea, sore abdominal muscles. Next, the stricken animals were fed various-sized doses of "Dover's Ipecac Powders." Within the fortnight, all but two of the animals were dead. Did this mean that Dover's medicine was a failure? Hardly, for the remaining two dogs recovered, and these were the dogs that had received the smallest doses of the powder. Yes, if Thomas Dover had experimented on human beings to determine the correct dosage of his ipecac powder, he would have destroyed the very lives he was trying to save. As it was, he not only saved the lives of doomed animals but also the lives of thousands of men, women, and children. For nearly two centuries, Dover's Powders were effective in relieving not only dysentery conditions but other ailments as well.

Within his lifetime the ex-pirate received wide recognition as a humanitarian and medical scientist, and was respected far and wide as the dignified Doctor Thomas Dover. But were the buccaneer-scientist's discoveries of value only to an unenlightened century? Here's one sentence from Dr. Morris Fishbein's "Medical Encyclopædia," a highly reliable medical source published over two hundred years after the Dover Ipecac Powder animal tests were made. Dr. Fishbein writes: "Fortunately man has developed drugs which can control dysentery. These include particularly the drug called emetine, which is derived from ipecac."

Ipecac—the very same drug developed and popularized over two centuries ago by the fabulous Dr. Thomas Dover, the ex-pirate of the Spanish Main.

THE END

Put This in Your



In 1559 Jean Nicot, French ambassador in Portugal, received tobacco seeds from America, sent some to Paris, where the plant was first used for medicinal purposes. From his name is derived the word *nicotine*.

THE manufacture of those long clay pipes that wise smokers continue to cling to are the principal industry of an entire town, Gouda, or Ter Gouw, in South Holland, supporting since about 1750, the bulk of its twenty-seven thousand persons.

Until quite recently all the teachers in most Dutch schools smoked during class; but never cigarettes, which they regarded as effeminate, though they wouldn't allow their wives and daughters to use these. They preferred pipes, mostly the long-stemmed variety, generally clays from Gouda. A few dissenters actually smoked cigars.

Fifty years ago it was the custom, when the waters froze over in the winter, for the men living in towns near Ter Gouw to visit it and partake of Ter Gouw's next most celebrated product, a delicious pea soup flavored with pigs' knuckles and ears. The visitors made the return journey on skates with the long clay pipes clutched between their teeth, and great was the disgrace to the man who slipped and inevitably broke his pipe.

Edward G. Robinson, famous screen star, owns a collection of over one hundred pipes. His boast is that these are not museum pieces but practical pipes and he has smoked each several or many times and will do so again.

Like the Indians who smoked a pipe of peace, passing the one pipe from one to another, Englishmen of the late Sixteenth and early Seventeenth Centuries shared a pipe of friendship. "Will it please you to impart your whiff?" one smoker would ask another.

THE LURE AND LOVE OF MY LADY
NICOTINE SINCE FIRST SHE
WON OUR HEARTS.

He'd then savor three or four puffs and compliment his friend both on the pipe and mixture. Then the other man would try his companion's pipe.

To further American independence, Benjamin Franklin pledged as security the entire Virginia tobacco crop to the French tobacco monopoly in an agreement dated 24th March 1777. In return he received a loan of two million louis, or \$7,720,000.

Thousands of books have been written about pipes and tobacco. One collection alone, that of George Arnts, Jr., contains some four thousand volumes. The next largest such collection is perhaps that at the Harvard Library, which contains twelve hundred books on the subject. The first book about tobacco was published in Paris in 1572. Its author, Jacques Gohory, a famous scholar of the time, called it "*Instruction sur l'Herbe Petum dite en France l'Herbe de la roynne ou Medicee*." That such books have always been popular is evidenced by more recent publications that have run into six editions. Dozens of famous writers during the past 350 years have been pipe enthusiasts, and the number of fictional characters devoted to the pipe runs into the hundreds.



STREET-FRONT AND INTERIOR OF A SMOKING TAVERN (TABAGIE) IN LONDON, 1617.

Pipe

by SIMPSON
M. RITTER



SMOKING IN ENGLAND, 1641.
From a satire on Sir John Suckling,
"Suckling's Roaring Boys."



DANISH ARTISTS IN ROME, 1837. . . . After the painting by
Constantin Hansen.

Drinking Tobacco Was a Crime

by ERNEST E. ORMSBY

A genuine briar is actually the root of a heatherlike shrub that grows principally along the Mediterranean slopes. Conscientious manufacturers use only the roots of plants at least forty years old, judging it takes that long to perfect texture.

A king wrote an entire book against pipe-smokers and tobacco; that was King James' "Counterblast Against Tobacco," which appeared about 1604.

Two young women operate a famous New York tobacco shop, and report that women have been secret pipe-smokers and customers of theirs for twenty years but now are coming into the open.

The pipe-smoking craze among women is not at all new. About 1690 in both France and England it rose to such heights that young ladies attended classes by "smoking professors," who taught them the use of the still newish weed, and how to blow "manly" rings. These schools were subject to attack by young men who felt smoking was unladylike. Though the schools were eventually driven out of business, the ladies continued to smoke.

DURING the Seventeenth Century, "drinking tobacco," as smoking was then called, was prohibited by law in Europe and the punishment given violators ranged from reprimands and fines, to torture and death. In America, however, the use of tobacco was not considered more than a misdemeanor, and the severest penalty outside of a fine for the act was payment for property damage caused by careless smokers.

These laws were repealed, changed or reinforced over a period of years. At various times in the Plymouth Colony men were arraigned in court and fined for "drinking tobacco on the heigh way." A court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, held at Boston in 1632, ordered that no person should take tobacco in public. About two years later the General Court, held at Newton, denied that privilege to anyone, whether publicly or privately.

All anti-tobacco legislation in the Bay Colony was lifted in 1637, but after a year of what the Court deemed abuse of tobacco-using, an ordinance was issued to the effect that no man

might use tobacco in the fields except on his journey or at meal-times. Furthermore, smoking was not to be allowed in victualing-houses or inns except in a private room. Again in 1646 the General Court at Boston decreed that a man might take tobacco out of doors on his journey, if he happened to be five miles from any house. The General Court of Connecticut, in 1650, barred smoking by minors; and while those over twenty-one years of age were permitted this pleasure, it was only by a physician's prescription and an order from the Court.

King James I, of England, who had a strong aversion to Sir Walter Raleigh and the weed which he introduced, began his fight against the herb in 1604. He soon raised the import duty on it, and later banned the planting of it in England. Despite opposition, or perhaps due to it, this habit spread, until by 1615 students at Cambridge University who smoked in St. Mary's Church were threatened with expulsion. In 1664 King Charles II ordered that the dons of Cambridge should not smoke while they preached.

By 1666 smoking was so widespread in England that children carried their pipes to school. Punishment in this case was meted out by the master only to those caught smoking incorrectly.

The use of tobacco in churches, even at mass, became such a nuisance that Pope Urban VIII, in 1624, forbade, on penalty of excommunication, all persons of either sex to take the weed in church, whether by smoking, chewing or snuffing. The Greek Church, ten years later, also denied tobacco to its adherents.

France had laws restricting the sale of tobacco until Louis XIII, who enjoyed an occasional pinch of snuff, decided to repeal them in 1637. The Communal Fathers at Berne, Switzerland, legislated against tobacco in 1661, and appended the sin of smoking to the Seventh Commandment, thus classifying it with adultery.

Rulers of Russia and the Eastern countries were less tolerant toward devotees of the American plant. Because of frequent fires caused by imprudent smoking, Czar Mikhail Feodorovich, in 1634, imposed the knout and slit noses on first offenders in the sale or use of tobacco, and death to habitual transgressors. After 1645 smokers were sentenced to Siberia by a decree of Czar Alexis, and four years later this law was reinforced by the command of torture added to exile, while under certain circumstances death was the mandate, even to foreigners as well as to Russians. But Peter the Great learned to smoke, and in 1700 revoked all these edicts.

In the Orient not only fear of fire, as in the English Colonies of America and in the Russian Empire, but apprehension lest tobacco culture interfere with the necessary rice crops, were reasons for the exclusion of this plant. The most severe edict in China was that of 1638, which threatened with beheading those who trafficked with "outer barbarians" selling tobacco.

Turkey maintained that tobacco was not sanctioned in the Koran. On this account, and because of the belief that it was an anti-aphrodisiac which would in time cause sterility,



ARISTOCRATIC SMOKING-PARTY, ABOUT 1720. . . . By the beginning of the 18th Century the whole world had surrendered to tobacco, but where the common people smoked middle-sized Dutch clay pipes, the upper classes provided themselves with "artistic" china pipes.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST PICTURES OF CIGARETTE SMOKING. FRENCH ENGRAVING, END OF 18TH CENTURY. . . .

Spanish Americans introduced the custom to their fatherland, where it was at once adopted by polite society. Casanova, the first "foreigner" to smoke cigarettes, mentions them in his memoirs. But it was not until after the Crimean War (1856) that the cigarette was widely circulated in Europe.

it was taboo there. Sultan Murad (Amurath) IV ordered hanging for some violators and decapitation for others. As a warning to the public, one unfortunate was paraded to his execution seated backward on an ass, with his tobacco pipe driven through the cartilage of his nose.

The Mogul Emperor of Hindustan, Jahānagīr, imposed the death penalty for smoking or snuffing. Shah Abbas I, of Persia, likewise prohibited the importation and use of tobacco. On one occasion, it is said, some of his courtiers were caught breaking the law. This so enraged the monarch that he made them fill their pipes with camels' dung and puff away at that. This punishment was much milder than that meted out to some camelmen intercepted with a shipment of tobacco from India. They not only lost their goods but their noses and ears as well. Any soldier who smoked, the Shah decided, should have his nose and lips cut off. A tobacco merchant, unaware of the ruling, wandered into a Persian army encampment and attempted to dispose of his stock. Ignorance of the law gained him a funeral pyre, for he was burned alive in his own merchandise.

The successor to Shah Abbas was his grandson Sefi, who seems to have inherited, along with the throne, his predecessor's aversion to tobacco and also his technique in dealing with unwitting lawbreakers. During Sefi's reign two wealthy merchants from India were discovered smoking in a tavern. They were executed by the pouring of molten lead down their throats. But in 1647 Abbas II, who then reigned, found solace in tobacco and rescinded all laws against it.

Probably the last potentate to deny his subjects the privilege of smoking was Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. One day in 1900 he decided to try an after-dinner pipe, and the loss of a royal meal was the result. His majesty's mandate, showing such concern for the stomachs of his subordinates, brought him an honorary membership in the Anti-Tobacco Society of France.



FREDERICK WILLIAM I of Prussia's famous "Tobacco Club" (1713-1740). The King is seated in front of the table, on his right is the Crown Prince, later known as Frederick the Great. At the foot of the table sits a jester, a tame hare beside him. The Court physician and surgeon are seated against the wall. Two younger princes enter to say good-night to their father.



BOY MET GIRL IN OLD JAPAN BY ASKING HER FOR A LIGHT—as this old Japanese painting, one of a cycle entitled "The Months" by Kiyonga, shows. There was no taboo against smoking for ladies in Japan.

DRINKING AND SMOKING BOUT IN AMSTERDAM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. From "Bacchus Wonderwerken," Amsterdam, 1628. The practice of smoking was enthusiastically received in Holland. It had been introduced by sailors, and also by the English students who frequented the Dutch universities, especially that of Leyden.



Below: OCCIDENTAL VISITORS SMOKING THE NARGHILE OR WATER PIPE IN A TURKISH BAZAAR, 1876. This luxurious and elaborate form of pipe is the Hookah or Chibouque, also called Nargila. It consists of three pieces, bowl, water-bottle, and long flexible tube ending in the mouthpiece. Smoke is drawn through the water, and thus is cooled and washed before it reaches the smoker.



SMOKING TOBACCO: AS THE EXPLORERS OF THE NEW WORLD SAW IT FOR THE FIRST TIME. Engraving from "Novi Orbis Indiae Occidentalis," 1621. From the Mississippi Valley in the North to Brazil in the South smoking of tobacco was widely practiced by the natives of America.



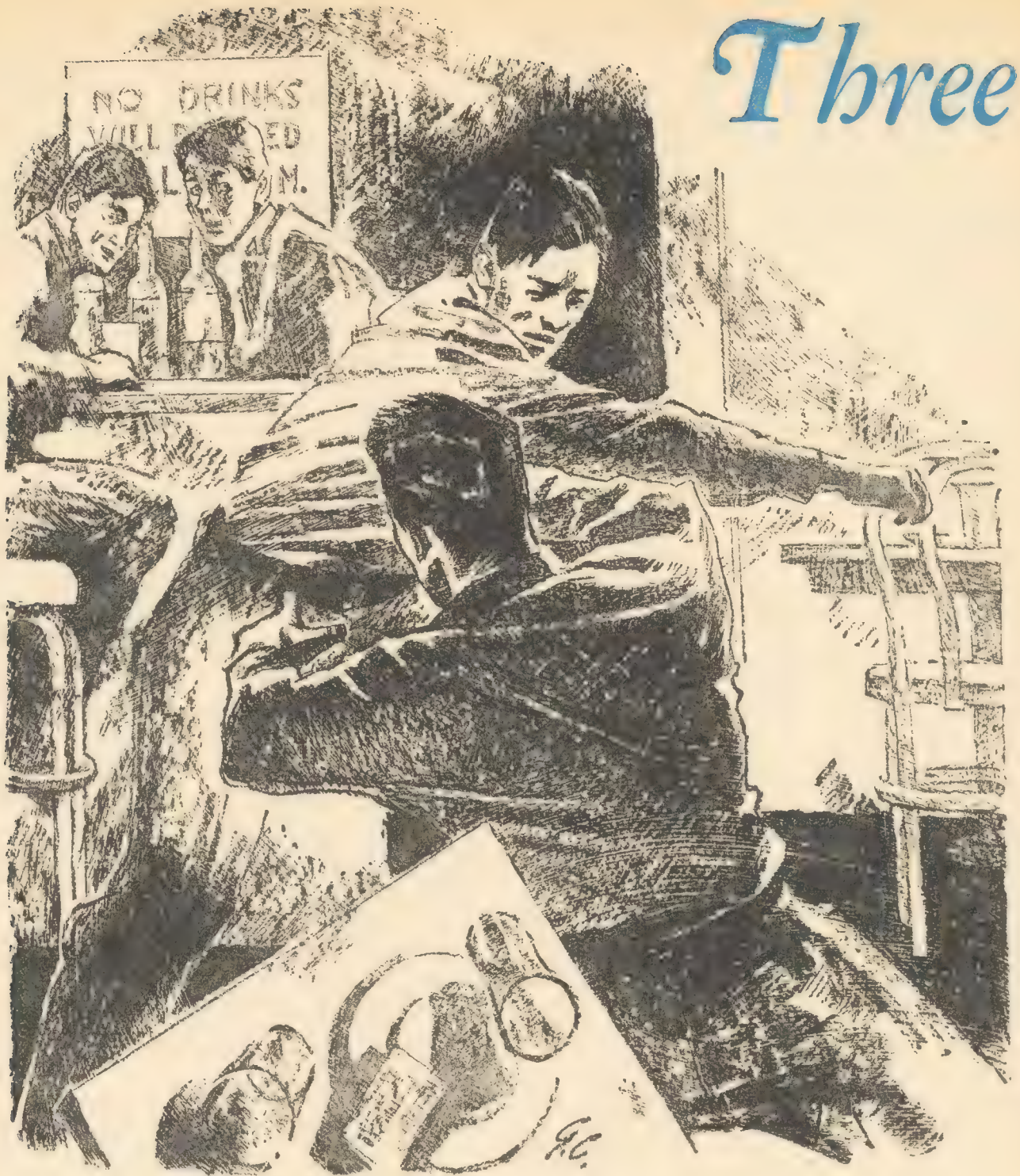
Below: INTERIOR OF A DUTCH SMOKING TAV-ERN. Painting by David Teniers (1610-'90). In Holland the spread of the habit was greatly helped by the prevailing opinion that smoke was a most valuable disinfectant as well as a prophylactic against the plague in 1636.



THE DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XIV, in 1700. . . . Louis XIV disliked tobacco. One day the King was late at cards in his drawing-room. When Philip of Orléans was going to his rooms, he noticed the smell of smoke coming from a neighboring room. He went in and found the King's daughters smoking pipes which they had brought from the guard-room of the Swiss Guard. He advised them to stop at once, for the King was just coming; but the smoke was still there, and Louis gave his daughters a good scolding next day.



Three



THERE'S more than one queer twist to this story. Perhaps I'm nuts for writing it, because few will believe there's an outfit in this man's Air Force that goes out and deliberately looks for trouble. Not in these days! By trouble, I mean typhoons, hurricanes and line squalls.

In the old days this was a pushover racket. We could knock out yarns about test pilots doing 9-G dives in experimental jobs. Later we had a welter of trans-oceanic flights with not much leeway in the fuel tanks. There were stories about flights over the

North Pole, and goofy adventures in the jungle. We got a real break when the Big War came along and we could make the intrepid birdmen knock off 109s and Zeros with gay abandon.

But it's tough now, and I must lack a few marbles if I hope to get away with an idea that three guys who worked aboard a B-25 bomber in Europe could take their discharges and terminal-leave pay and then decide the Air Force wasn't such a tough berth, after all. Maybe one dope would do it. You can even stretch a point and figure that perhaps two might get the same idea; but when you try to force it

and have all three go back and wind up aboard a Black Widow on the All-Weather Project, you're really sticking your chin out.

All this happens to me just because I decide to find out about these hurricane-happy guys. I figure there's a neat article there, and an experience in which I won't be expected to take part. That's the drawback to this aviation racket. You show an academic interest, and these guys expect you to ride piggy-back in a jet fighter. They kid me into helicopters. I get myself lugged about the North Atlantic in flying boats, and fly the fog

in a Thunderstorm

FLYING THE HURRICANE PATROL, AN ECHO OF THEIR WARTIME SERVICE
TOGETHER CAME BACK IN TRAGIC SIGNIFICANCE.

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

route over Newfoundland and Labrador.

Did I ever tell you about the time I was with a Liberator outfit in Britain? No—I guess I'd better lay off that one. My wife would probably divorce me if she ever heard of that goofy episode.

But at Milton Field I figured I'd hang around while the boys went typhoon-tagging and let the Public Relations Joe give me the dope off some old press sheets. The boys would fill in the details at night in the bar. They usually do. I had no intention of being strapped into one of those Black Widow babies and taken for a joyride through a line squall. I'm allergic to hulks with their wings snapped off.

So what happens? Sure, I get the dope on All-Weather flying—so hot no editor will touch it, but I also get this yarn about three guys who came back into the service and wound up on the same weather ship.

Maybe you got a couple of minutes to kill. . . .

THE bar was a shambles again.

This time it was Captain Mort Chalmers and Lieutenant Jeff Case. They'd just come in from a routine weather flight and had percolated up to the bar and ordered cokes. The boys at Milton are allowed no beer or hard liquor until five o'clock in the afternoon. Just cokes and ham sandwiches, so you see it wasn't just a drunken brawl.

But it was a beaut while it lasted.

Case is a big handsome guy with nice shoulders. He tapers down like a photogenic pug. He has a small button nose, a chin like a steam shovel and more than his share of jet-black hair. He hits like a pile-driver—when he connects.

Mort Chalmers is the wiry type. He has a thin face, searching gray eyes set under eyebrows exactly the shape of a small albatross wing. Mort is tall and moves like a guy who might be at home on a fencing strip.

Put two specimens like that together, heat them up, and you get a better

barney for your money than you'd expect at the Golden Gloves.

It all began before anyone could figure what had happened. Mort had his coke and was just unwrapping his sandwich. Jeff came in, gave his order to Timmy the civilian bartender, and said something down the bar while he glared into the mirror at Mort.

Later on, Timmy said: "All I heard was Jeff said something about, 'I still think you tossed—' and Captain Chalmers let him have it."

The boys had taken their cokes and sandwiches to the tables, and they just remember Mort planting a swinging right on Jeff's jaw. Jeff went sprawling and knocked over a table. He went back, walking wide, as they say, and Mort went flying across the room. Cokes, glasses of milk, sandwiches and innocent bystanders were all over the place.

Colonel Winslow came in about that time and just stood there. He let them slug it out until it looked as if he'd be losing a first-rate Widow pilot and a meteorologist, and then he stepped in and stopped it. That's the way it always works out in these brawls. After that he walked them over to the dispensary and sat in on the deal while Corporal Keiper fixed them up and suggested that Chalmers come back after lunch and get a stitch in that cut over his eyebrow.

"That's what I don't get about all this," Vic Summers said when the tables had been set up again and the glassware cleaned up and new sandwiches unwrapped. Vic is a Black Widow pilot too, but he doubles in Public Relations when he's not chasing storm thermals. "Colonel Winslow ought to heave them all—all three of them—out on their buttocks."

"All three of them?" queried Sandy Tyce. Sandy's the new engineering officer, and he hasn't been in on this goofy business since it started.

Vic explained: "This has been going on ever since Chalmers, Case and Marvin Breck joined the outfit. When Chalmers and Case aren't breaking up the happy home, it's Case and

Breck, or Breck and Chalmers. They fight here in the bar. They slug it out behind the hangars, and they mix it in the dining-room on guest nights."

Sandy muttered something about giving the outfit a bad name, and hitched around while one of the orderlies swept up the mess under his feet.

"But they're all posted to the same flight and crew, aren't they?" Buzz Southbridge broke in over a ham-on-rye.

"Ever since they checked in," Summers went on. "The Colonel seems to have tossed them together as much as possible. That doesn't make sense. Can you imagine the sort of coöperation that goes on when they're upstairs?"

"The Colonel must like a fight," Sandy said.

"He doesn't! I've watched him closely. He winces with every punch, and yet he lets it go on just so far," Vic explained. "It just doesn't make sense."

"He must do it for a reason," argued Sandy, and forked in his blouse for a pack of butts.

Vic looked at Sandy with a side glance, snared one of his butts and flicked his lighter. "You got something there, Sandy," he said, and moved in closer. "I happen to know these three guys were all on the same B-25 crew in Europe. They started together and finished a fifty-mission tour together. They came home and were discharged about the same time."

BUZZ SOUTHBRIDGE was folding his sandwich paper into some intricate design, but he looked up and gave a low whistle. "Live in the same town?" he inquired.

"No. Chalmers is from a small place outside Boston. Breck is from Chicago, and Case seems to ramble between New York and Los Angeles."

"Let me get this straight," Sandy began again. "These three battlers do fifty missions overseas together. They come home and are discharged and presumably head off to three different parts of the country. Then, for some mysterious reason, they all

sign up again and wind up here assigned to the same ship?"

"Exactly," Vic said. "A queer coincidence, isn't it?"

Before Vic could reply, the bar phone rang and Timmy took it. Then he turned and called over the crowd: "Lieutenant Breck! Lieutenant Breck! Wanted in the Colonel's office right away."

BRECK was over in the far corner feeding quarters into a slot machine. He turned and flipped an acknowledgment to Timmy and pocketed the stack of coins he had in his hand.

"When did Breck come in?" asked Vic.

"Guess he's been here all the time," Buzz said, and they watched Marvin Breck studiously avoid the crowd and make his way out toward the lobby. Through the window they saw him stride to a long low expensive automobile and slide behind the sharply tilted wheel.

"You wonder why three guys who seem to have so much dough would want to come back into the Air Force," Southbridge muttered. "All three of them run cars that must have set them back five grand."

"It's quite a coincidence," agreed Sandy.

Lieutenant Breck wasn't as tall as Case or Chalmers, but he had the airs and graces of an aristocrat, and these added to his stature. He had wavy blond hair and a fine-textured skin. His nose had been broken once, but somehow the damage had added a touch of structural manliness to his features. Breck could smile, and out of the company of his crew pals was a fair mixer. He was generous, courteous and gentlemanly in his associations with the wives of other officers. Their kids all loved him.

Breck was always good for a touch, the loan of his car, or for a switch in duty whenever one of the married crowd found his social dates conflicting with squadron orders.

Nevertheless, Marvin Breck always wore an air of mystery. He never deliberately sought the companionship of his service mates. Much of his leisure was spent off the base. He had two comfortable rooms with a private family in Milton, as did several others, for the B.O.Q. accommodation on the field was sketchy and none too comfortable.

Breck toolled up to the Administration building and parked his car in the cindered area. Inside, a corporal clerk flicked a hooked thumb toward Colonel Winslow's door.

"They're waiting for you, Lieutenant," he said, and went back to his records.

Breck knocked and went in. The Colonel was sitting behind his desk reading a sheaf of flimsy.

"Ah, Breck," he said, and smiled. "Glad you were handy. Sit down, will you?"

Marvin showed no surprise when he saw Chalmers and Case. The Captain was standing staring out a side window watching a Black Widow take off. Breck wasn't surprised when he saw Chalmers had a gauze patch taped over one eye—or when he turned to Case and noted he had a puffed lip and a deep discoloration over a cheekbone. Breck rubbed the indentation of his nose reflectively and sat down on the arm of a leather club-chair.

The Colonel finished reading the third sheet of flimsy:

Shortly after this suspicious episode, Captain Chalmers, Lieutenant Breck and Second Lieutenant Case all displayed evidences of improved finances. Investigation disclosed that unusually large sums had been deposited in American dollars to their accounts in certain London branches of New York banks. At the time there was little opportunity to trace these deposits, owing to the fluid military situation on the Continent, but when queried separately on the matter none of the three would give satisfactory information as to where this money originated.

The Colonel scratched the side of his nose, flicked off his glasses and put the papers away in his desk.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "I feel something has to be done about this trying situation."

Chalmers came back from the window, saying: "I wish you'd let us work it out our way, sir."

"You mean work it out *your* way," Case snarled.

"I'll take an overseas assignment any time, sir," Breck broke in.

Both Chalmers and Case looked at Breck with suspicion. The Colonel sniffed. "Captain Chalmers would like to go to a jet outfit, or so he says."

"I'd even go up to Alaska and work that All-Weather show there," grumbled Case.

"I can understand your feelings, but none of those moves would clear up the situation. A good old-fashioned knock-down-and-drag-out Donnybrook often clears the atmosphere, and at times I'm all for it; but these *mêlées* of yours are nothing but senseless brawls that can only end up with one of you being seriously hurt."

The silence gathered in large murky chunks.

"I could break this team up," the Colonel began again, and caught the involuntary movement of Chalmers' hand. Case sat immobile, a staring stuffed figure. Breck shot a quick glance at Chalmers, and only just managed to stifle an objection.

"I've been considering that," the Colonel went on. "I might break it

up and distribute you around, but that would mean breaking up other crews, and I don't think that would be fair."

"Our missions have been carried out properly, haven't they, sir?" broke in Chalmers.

"So far, I'm well satisfied," the Colonel agreed. "Of course, we haven't hit a real weather front in this area yet. That will come."

"I've sure done my job," Case grumbled with a glare at Chalmers.

"Let's try to clean this matter up once and for all," the Colonel said suddenly, and watched for a break. "I want to go back to that business you three were involved in during the war."

Breck sat up straight. Chalmers just stared. Case slumped back in his chair as though he had suddenly felt exhausted.

"You see, gentlemen," Winslow went on, "it isn't simply coincidence that brought you three here, or that you all wound up on the same weather ship. Am I making myself clear?"

No one answered or moved.

"I think this is as good a time as any to thrash all this out," Winslow went on. "I can't afford to have any more of this snarling and scrapping. We have too much important work ahead. What I'd like to clear up is how all three of you suddenly came into a lot of money shortly after the invasion of Normandy. I don't need to explain just why we would like to know."

"But I couldn't tell at that time, sir," Chalmers broke in.

"Neither could I," Breck said with a pained grimace.

"I didn't want to. It was a touchy personal matter, in my case," Case said slowly, and flushed.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" demanded Colonel Winslow.

THERE was another lengthy silence, and Winslow shuffled some papers on his desk. Finally Chalmers began stalking up and down the room. He stopped and said: "I don't suppose it matters now, but I was under orders at the time, and I guess it was important to keep my trap shut, but I never realized that it looked so bad until sometime later. That was one of the reasons I came back into the service."

"Let's have it straight."

"I was a student at M.I.T. before I got into the war," Chalmers began again. "I was taking a science course, and from what they tell me, I was not too bad. Anyway, I stumbled on an idea that attracted the attention of one of the profs. He was a good friend, and he suggested that I protect myself on it. Later on, he was picked up for the Manhattan Project and discovered that my—I'll call it an idea—was just what was needed in a certain



"What I'd like to clear up is how all three of you suddenly came into a lot of money."

feature of big-scale production of atomic energy."

Winslow sat back with his eyebrows high and let out a quiet whistle

"Anyway, my idea was important, and since I had it covered at the time, my old professor friend worked it so I got a nice piece of change for my effort. After all, he figured I was just another kid pilot over there, and figured that since a lot of people, including himself, were making big money out of war inventions, there was no particular harm in my being paid for what I had produced.

"That's how it was. He wrote and told me that my idea was important, and that certain Government people were willing to pay for it. I arranged that he take care of it for me, as I had no idea what it was all about. So Professor Stiles—that's his name—handled the whole affair in his name and banked what I had coming to me."

"I don't believe a word of it," Case snarled.

"You don't have to. I'm telling it to Colonel Winslow. I couldn't tell over there, because Professor Stiles told me he couldn't tell me what my idea was being used for. Now we

know it was something to do with the atomic bomb; but then, when they asked me where my newfound fortune had come from, I honestly couldn't tell them. But there's the story in the open for the first time."

CHALMERS went and sat down with the quality of peace reflected in his eyes.

"Well," breathed Colonel Winslow, "knowing what we do about the Pentagon Building, I can quite understand how they were never able to connect you with an invention associated with the development of the atomic bomb. Who's next?"

Breck sat smiling on the arm of the big club-chair.

"My name is Breck," he began. "I don't suppose anyone ever thought to connect me with anyone else named Breck. It could have been Edison, and I don't suppose anyone in the Air Force would have figured I could have been the son of Thomas A. Edison. They might kid about the name and have me inventing things, but I don't think it would ever go any further. I came back because I *like* the Air Force."

"Breck?" repeated Colonel Winslow slowly, screwing his face up with puzzlement. "Are you any relation to Homer Breck—Homer Breck the Department of State man?"

"I'm the son of Homer Breck," the Lieutenant admitted.

"But however could they believe you could have been mixed up in that espionage business, then?" Winslow demanded. "After all, your father is the greatest counter-espionage man we have. He performed miracles during the war."

"My father is dead," Marvin Breck said quietly.

Chalmers jerked in his chair. Case just sat bewildered.

"Your father's dead?" Winslow said quietly. "I never knew that."

"The money I received in Britain was a part of my inheritance," Breck went on slowly. "Father went down in an air crash in Iceland. A well-known general was lost, too."

"But that has never been reported," said Chalmers, aghast.

"They couldn't report it. It would have offered comfort to the enemy. For months after that, they still continued to search for him all over Ger-



Chalmers swung the Widow over and roared at the black wall ahead.

many. I guess Father gave them a rough old time while he lasted."

"I'm sorry, Breck," Chalmers said.

"That's all right. But maybe it explains why I had a sudden windfall, and why I couldn't explain where it came from. Officials from Ajax—you all remember what Ajax was in Britain—came and told me one night, and asked me to keep his death a secret. Unfortunately Father's lawyers, figuring I was entitled to some of my inheritance, made the mistake of sending a bundle over to my account. I naturally made use of it, never realizing that it put me in a bad light."

Winslow smiled: "I don't think they really felt you were involved in that mess, but probably kept you under open suspicion to keep up an investigation front."

Chalmers got up and held out his hand. "I guess we were both barking up the wrong sapling, Breck," he said pleasantly. "Let's forget it, eh?"

"Glad to, Mort," Breck said, and then looked down at Case.

"Have you anything to say, Case?" Winslow asked.

"Yes sir," Case said coldly, and stared at his shoes. "But if you don't mind, sir, I'd rather tell my story to you alone. I know that may not sound good, considering how Chalmers and Breck have told theirs in front of me; but mine's something more personal."

He looked at Breck and Chalmers. "Do you mind?"

"We'll leave it to the Colonel," Chalmers said. "If your story is satisfactory to him, that's how it will be. We'll ask you, however, to keep Breck's story secret until the Government sees fit to give it out. That right, Colonel?"

"Of course. I suggest we keep both stories under our hats, considering everything."

"Let's go," said Breck. "Can I give you a lift back to the Club, Mort?"

"You sure can," Chalmers said, and they went out smiling.

WHEN Breck and Chalmers had left, Case hunched up to the edge of his chair and lowered his voice.

"I think you ought to get the real low-down on all this, sir," he began. "I don't care what stories they have just cooked up. This isn't just a barney among three guys who have to fly together."

Winslow selected a pipe from a rack, poked it into his pouch and began to pack it, moving slowly and watching Case with paternal interest. Colonel Winslow is no armchair authority. He has some nice stuff under his wings when he wants to pin it up. He seldom does. In the Big Fuss he was top man in a Liberator outfit, and keeping a B-24 mob together in the early days

was no joy-ride. They say Winslow did more than his share and led every other mission until Tooey Spaatz caught up with him.

Maybe that's how Winslow ran afoul of this All-Weather Project, and maybe it was all part of the plan that went back to June, 1944. Winslow often wondered whether they'd let him get out of this tangle to do something easy like testing supersonic rocket ships.

So far, he was getting nowhere, but fast. He'd tried all the regulation dodges, but nothing had turned up. He'd carried out Washington's plans, and it was only keeping the medical orderly busy. On All-Weather missions Chalmers and Company were carrying out their duties like little gentlemen.

Winslow lit his pipe before answering, and watched Case select a cigarette, then stuff it back into the pack.

"Quite all right, Case. Smoke if you like."

"Thank you, sir," Case said, and snapped the wheel of his lighter with trembling fingers. "I—I just thought you ought to know."

"I'm very interested."

"It'll come out some day if I ever put the finger on the right guy," Case continued bitterly. "We weren't always battling like this."

"You couldn't have run up fifty missions together if you'd worked under these conditions," the Colonel said with a wry smile.

"We were right chummy then. We all bunked together, went on leave together and shared our PX rations, just like any other crew. Chalmers was always on the ball. You could always rely on Marvin in a tight spot, and I guess I held my end up. We had a couple of sergeant gunners, of course, and the set-up was pretty flexible in our outfit. Anyway, we completed our tour and called it a war, like a lot of other guys."

"I know all that," Winslow said impatiently.

"Yeh, I suppose it's all in the records," Case agreed. "But around June first—June of 1944, we all sensed something was popping. We didn't know when the invasion was coming off, but we knew it wasn't far away. We all had ideas, most of them goofy, of course; but I guess a few of the boys could put two and two together. I mean, figuring all the objectives and the way we were knocking out certain lines of transportation and communication, we could figure it was going to be one of several places."

"Oh. . . What did you figure, Case?"

"Me? I guess I wasn't very bright. I would have bet it was the Pas de Calais section. Still, it wasn't my job to work that out. I guess that was what Eisenhower was there for. eh?"

"I figured it would be Dieppe again," the Colonel said quietly.

"But Jerry didn't figure that way, did he, sir?" Case asked with a twisted grin. "Jerry had a lot of the drop zones all fixed up for the Airborne guys, and gliders, didn't he, sir?"

"How do you mean, fixed up?"

"I just know what the boys tell me; not what they put in the papers. Every landing area was slashed with glider traps. Jerry piled stones and planted heavy posts in all the fields we'd figured on for the gliders."

"I believe there *was* some of that sort of defense erected," the Colonel agreed, "but Jerry also kept a lot of his best divisions up north in the Pas de Calais area too. Just what are you getting at?"

"I'm getting to the important point," Case said, and looked around the office cautiously. "On June first we did a bridge-busting show south of Amiens. When we got back, some guy in a rear element said he saw a streamered message-container tossed from our ship. He reported it the minute we got in, and said it looked as if someone had tried to contact the enemy."

Winslow pursed his lips and nodded sagely.

"The message *was* dropped over enemy territory, and naturally the Security Officer asked why and by whom. After a while it died down when we all denied having released anything like that; but a couple of weeks later it all starts up again. I guess H.Q. figured Jerry had been tipped off about something, and had fixed up those drop zones."

"I see," said Winslow, setting out more bait; "and you three fellows have been scrapping about it ever since."

"The two sergeant gunners couldn't know much, sir. They were never in on a lot of the security briefings. They'd also have a tough time getting one of those streamered message-containers, anyhow."

"But suddenly the three commissioned men of your crew display gaudy affluence," the Colonel broke in. "Well, Chalmers and Breck have explained theirs. Now it's your turn."

"I got mine legitimately," Case said, avoiding the Colonel's eyes.

"Funny none of you could explain it then," Winslow said. "Where did your money come from, Case?"

"I'll tell you, sir. I can tell it now, because I hope the whole mess is over and forgotten. You see, I got involved in one of those crazy war marriages. I married a young girl. She was in a finishing school and only about eighteen. I shouldn't have done it, but that's the way it was in those days—I mean getting mixed up in a social set I'd never have seen if it hadn't been for the war.

"The upshot was that her parents went nuts and tried to annul the marriage. I got mad at the time and made all sorts of crazy threats, but I was shipped overseas before I could carry any of them out. In the meantime, I cooled off, but felt rotten and resentful. My wife's people got legal advice, and their lawyer wrote to me and said he could fix it up so I'd be paid off plenty, if I'd only agree to the annulment."

"What were the girl's feelings in the matter?"

"I guess she didn't mind. There were lots of others buzzing around in uniform, and maybe I was no particular bargain, at that."

"So they bought you off," the Colonel said.

"That's one way of putting it. At the time, the money sounded good. I didn't think much about the moral side of it, I guess. Later I felt cheap about it, and when I was questioned about this money I refused to tell where it came from. After all, Chalmers and Breck were suddenly in the chips too, and I decided to cover up and not show just what a louse I'd been."

Colonel Winslow pondered on all this for some time. "I wish you'd have told the truth earlier. It would have narrowed the field somewhat. Washington's still trying to find out who dropped that message-container, you know."

"Well, that's my story, sir. I can prove it too, if I have to, but I hope you can see how I felt about it at the time."

"I'll respect your confidence, Case," Winslow said finally. "We'll let the matter ride for the time being."

"I'd still like to try that Alaskan outfit, sir, if you ever feel like breaking us up," Case said, and got to his feet.

"There doesn't seem to be any reason, does there?"

Case looked puzzled and then said: "Oh, I see what you mean. We're all in the clear now, eh?"

"Well, I'd say that at least two of the stories told here today would stand up," the Colonel said.

"Yes sir," Case said, and moved slowly toward the door.

A FEW minutes after Case left, the door opened again and Corporal Sprague ushered in Captain Thorn-dyke, the chief Meteorological officer.

"Hi, Thorny!" the Colonel greeted. "What's on the chart?"

"Looks as if we're bringing one in at last," Thorndyke responded, laying a weather map on the Colonel's desk. "This looks like what we've been waiting for. A cold-front wedging in under a warm mass that can cook up a beaut. She can hit within twenty-four hours."

Winslow squinted at the array of weather symbols and followed Thorn-dyke's pencil point as it roughed in the area of the converging storm. The area was a short distance northwest of the area being covered by the All-Weather Project. When all the meteorological factors gathered and consolidated their forces, Winslow would have a cold-front thunderstorm that would provide his flyers with all they'd care to take on—and probably more.

"Looks like a bruiser," Winslow muttered.

"This is the season for it, sir."

"I want all crews alerted," Winslow said into his interdepartmental phone-box. "Put Captain Chalmers and his Flight Five on continual stand-by from midnight tonight until relieved. No crew member will leave the base after midnight. Right?"

Corporal Sprague gave a suitable response, and Winslow grinned up at his weather boss. "Right?" he asked.

"Good deal, sir. I'd like Chalmers to hit it."

"Okay! Stay with it, Thorny. We should find out plenty in that big wind."

"Another check on down-draft pressure will help substantiate many of our conclusions."

"Well, something like that," Winslow said, smiling.

"One or two more checks," Thorn-dyke said, heading for the door, "and we'll know exactly what to do, once we hit thunderstorm conditions. We found out how to handle the Caribbean storms that come out of warm fronts. We'll soon find out how to ride out these inland disturbances, sir."

"That's what we're here for," nodded Colonel Winslow.

THERE were no further untoward incidents within the Chalmers trio once the stand-by order went over the loud-speaker system. Chalmers and Breck seemed to have buried the hatchet, but the attitude of Case changed not one bit. He stood off and watched them with the air of a mongrel waiting to see where two other mutts had buried a missing bone. One by one they read the squadron bulletin after it had been tacked up in the lobby and then, one by one they took their cars and tooled out to the hangar and checked their particular sections on the weather ship.

The Black Widow aircraft selected for this duty is a special adaptation of the wartime night fighter. Most of the armament has been removed, and in its place specialized meteorological equipment and engineering recorders have been installed.

The object of the research is actually to invade the storm areas, check the air-mass characteristics, the veloc-



Mort crawled out. . . . There was no tail assembly to hinder his exit.

ity of the disturbance during the varying phases of the storm, and establish suitable flight methods for combating it. By careful contact with ground weather stations through radio and radar, the project aims to break the secret of cold-front thunderstorms.

Once a thunderstorm is encountered, the Black Widows are sent up into it, flying at check altitudes between five thousand and twenty-five thousand feet. Then, charting the atmospheric conditions with accelerometers, airspeed-altitude recorders and control-position devices against a number of mobile weather stations set up in the area, the All-Weather Project is able to measure the gust velocities.

Accurately to map and define a cold-front thunderstorm, new electronic instruments which also utilize infra-red waves have been devised and installed. If these instruments can be accurately read and the findings set into an accepted pattern, the Air Force will be able to use the cover of thunderstorms in its future bombing plans. No longer would the beery boys sing:

*Nothing can stop the Army Air Force!
(Except the weather.)*

With all this in mind, the crews of Flight Five turned with understandable concern to the various instruments and other equipment under

their particular charge. Pilots checked engines, fuel and every structural feature of the planes. The navigators went over the charts, R/D compasses and radarscopes. The co-pilots responsible for stick relief and stress equipment were testing solenoids and setting up their boards for fast computation.

Out of the north, cumulo-nimbus clouds were gathering. The cold air front was poking below and forcing the warm air upward, which in rising cools off and begins the first turbulences of the black thunderstorm. Had they been standing by for a low-altitude attack on an enemy flak-protected area, the tension could not have been tighter.

More smokes, more crusty jokes, more cokes from the glaring scarlet dispenser. The whiff of oil, gas and wet leather. Strained faces and indistinct figures in the lowering light of the late afternoon. The pin-point glow of cigarettes and the glint of swabbed metal. The clank of tools and the scrape of battery dollies. Shouts, murmurs and husky rejoinders gathered to rivet the harsh plates of a grim adventure.

Darkness fell like a pall; the glow of cigarettes intensified and the flame banners whipping from the exhausts of idling engines sharpened their radiated glow to high yellow patterns, and

the knots in a hundred muscles constricted still more.

The high-pitched buzzer tore off a strip of warning, sending the dim figures scattering in all directions. The coordinates were repeated again from a speaker over the hangar office, and Flight Five of the All-Weather Project went into action.

"Okay, boys," said Chalmers to the two shrouded figures near him. "Let's go. We got a job."

"Let's go," repeated Marvin Breck.

Case joined them without a word, and Chalmers looked back to make sure he was following.

"You all set, Case?" he called over his shoulder.

"What are you worrying about, Chalmers? I'm coming."

"I'm not worrying. We've been through this before," the pilot said with a shrug.

"Never into one like this," Case growled. "We'll have up-and-down drafts of eighty m.p.h. when we hit the development area. I've seen the Met-office plot."

"That's why we're on the pay-roll," Breck said cheerfully.

"The Widow can take it," Chalmers added with a dry laugh.

"And if she doesn't, we can always step out," added Breck.

"From a P-61?" Case questioned. "We got twin tail-booms with a fixed stabilizer between. How you going to get past that tangle?"

"Hey-hey!" Chalmers called pleasantly. "What is this, Jeff? You're not going chicken on us, are you?"

"Come on! Come on!" Marvin Breck joined in the strange pleasantries. "You can jettison your canopy, crawl along to the wingtip and take a header off from there."

Chalmers and Breck laughed, and Case mumbled: "How come you two guys suddenly get comic? This is no joy-ride."

"Let's get it over and forget it," Mort ordered, and climbed up.

The two pilots exchanged anxious glances as they snuggled into their forward positions and fastened their parachute snaps and safety belts.

"Don't tell me that guy's finally going to get honest," Breck said over his shoulder.

"Maybe we all should," Chalmers muttered. "I'm scared too, but I don't have the courage to admit it. This will be a bruiser."

Breck looked back over the tail assembly. "A guy *would* have a tough time getting out, at that," he admitted.

THE five Black Widows rolled down to the end of the strip and took the "Okay" from the tower. One by one they flashed past the string of boundary lights and flipped into the air, tucking their wheels up the minute they were airborne. Chalmers

took the head of the snug Vee, circled the field once and then headed northwest.

They were hardly clear of the traffic-pattern area when the first feinting stab of turbulence made them tremble. Chalmers ordered a wider formation. They got a check from one of the mobile weather stations of the network below.

Something tapped him on the shoulder. He turned and saw Case standing behind his chair.

"You going in on the lower level?" Case asked anxiously.

"I'm supposed to," Chalmers replied.

"Why can't one of the other crews go in low? We always get that beating. It's tougher down there. We get the swirl of both the up- and down-draft."

"Good! That's where we'll find out what they want to know. You're feeling all right, aren't you?"

"I don't like being the hero all the time," Case complained, and went aft again.

CHALMERS wagged his head, pondering. The black devil ahead took on more definite form. Case had something. This would be a pippin. Mort set a course to skirt the southern fringes, and ordered his flight to start climbing to their assigned levels. A Black Widow every five thousand feet from five thousand up would give them the readings they wanted; and have them correctly registered with the radar boys below. As the Widows mapped they would be getting reports on the turbulence and stress readings from the various altitudes. When they got through—if they got through—they'd have a thunderstorm map showing the general position of the pressure cells and the paths of lesser disturbances between.

That's all they wanted. That was all.

Chalmers' Widow was alone now. The others were upstairs waiting until their positions were checked with the radar sets below. Once they were all registered, the grim game would begin.

Mort was about to swing north and take his first cut at the lightning-slashed devil when Case came up and tapped his shoulder again.

"Hey, you're giving me the willies!" Chalmers thundered. "Get back to your station. We're ready to go in."

"We're going to get eighty-mile-an-hour down-drafts in there and get the back-bounce turbulence at five thousand feet, Mort," Case pleaded.

"And you're the guy who wants to go to Alaska."

"Why do we always have to take the low level?"

"We're the only crew with war experience," Mort explained. "We've

had flak tougher than this. Let the others have the soft spot if they can find one."

Up front, Breck was yelling something about turning in. "We're running past our plot-line," he yelled.

"Get back there, Case. We're heading in. It'll only be tough in the development stage. You know that. The beating eases off as we work east."

Chalmers swung the Widow over and roared at the black wall buttressed ahead.

Whammo!

The modified night-fighter hit like a ton of brick—loosely stacked brick. The autopilot had been cut out; Chalmers held the stick lightly and let her take it her own way. Ahead, Breck was hanging on and jabbing down-stress readings as they came in from the wing-tips and twin fins. His eyes registered more agitation than the dials and needles. He turned and gave Chalmers a look that said: "Any minute, now!"

The punches of the lightning-crazed elements struck from every angle. Chalmers sat tight and just treadled the pedals to keep her headed north. The air screamed and tore at the canopies. Thuds of high pressure pounded at the panels like rubber-covered lead hammers. A dozen different pitches of whistle screeched through the slimmest apertures.

The Black Widow pawed and clawed her way into the vortex of black hate. The frame and spars creaked and pleaded for mercy. She bounced, swayed and stumbled like a punch-drunk club fighter. From where Chalmers sat, clutching to his seat with one hand, he was certain he could put words to the roaring surges of outrage that thumped from the exhausts.

Case crawled back into the picture again. He hooked an arm about Mort's neck and stood pleading with fear-streaked eyes. Mort saw the trickle of sickening green that drooled from the man's mouth.

"Get us out of here, Mort! Get the hell out, I tell you! You got to see the figures to know what you're bucking."

Chalmers struggled to get Case's grip broken loose. The Black Widow danced wildly and tried to clamber up on one wing-tip. Breck turned as a flash of lightning illuminated the cockpit with a white blinding glare. He snarled and reached over Mort's instrument panel and tried to snatch at Case's arm.

"Get us out of here, or I'm going out!" Case screamed.

"Not in this, you fool! You'll hit that stabilizer and slice yourself in two. You can take the whole assembly with you."

"You yellow son-of-a-brick!" raged Breck. "Bust his skull in, Mort!"

"Get us out of here," wailed Case again. He released Chalmers' neck and took a pleading attitude. "I'm sick, Mort. I can't take this stuff. No ship in the world can take this beating. Get us out!"

"You know, I believe you'd let me quit and go back," Chalmers said, fighting to get the ship back on even keel. "I believe you've really got a strip a yard wide."

"Get back there!" Marvin yelled. "They're screaming for figures below. Get him back there, Mort."

At that point the Black Widow plunged through, and they were out in the marrow-yellow light that fringed the storm area. He tried to shove Case back, and started to count the seconds, and curled around to plunge back for his second cut.

"The next down-draft will smack us all the way down," Case wailed. "Don't go in, Mort."

"What'll we say, if we go back now?" Chalmers demanded.

"I'll—I'll say anything. Anything, if you'll get me out of here."

"What are you talking about, Case?" Mort demanded, but kept heading for the black wall.

"I'll tell the Colonel who tossed that message-container out—I'll tell the whole story," Case said, his hands pawing at his drooling lips.

"We'll never get a cold-front disturbance like this again in months," Mort said evasively. "We can't pull out now."

"Do you want to crack up and go out, still carrying that suspicion? I can clear it all up, if you get me back alive. I'll tell them the whole story—straight."

MORT circled back from the black thunderstorm.

Breck spoke into his hand mike and stared at his pilot.

"Who tossed it out?" Chalmers said over his shoulder.

"You get me back, and we'll all go in, and I'll tell it right."

"We're going back in. I wouldn't trust you when you get down."

The Black Widow headed back for the storm. Case pawed at Mort's shoulders again. "Don't go back in, please! I give up. I can't take this sort of stuff."

"What did you come back in the service for?"

"I couldn't stay out. I couldn't stay away, Mort. I had to know what was going on. Whether they were wise yet, or not."

"You mean—you mean, you tossed that information out to Jerry?"

"You get me back. I'll tell the whole thing."

"Did you drop that message-container, Case?" demanded Chalmers. "We're behind schedule here. We've got to go back in."

"Please, Mort," pleaded Jeff Case. "Won't you believe me? I'll spill the whole story if you'll only take me down."

"I don't trust you. We're going back in," Mort said with determination. "Get back to your panel."

"But I tossed it out!" wailed Case. "I made all the contacts in London. All I had to do was to toss out the container. I don't know what was in it, but I got ten grand, American, for tossing it out. They can't hang me for that. I—I—"

Case stopped and stared ahead. His eyes widened with abject fear as Mort headed the Black Widow into the maelstrom. He clapped his gloved hands over his eyes to shut out the picture of inflamed storm. He turned and staggered down the companionway.

The Black Widow hit the raw edge of the lightning-charged inferno and seemed to crash head-on with a hidden wall. The nose went up with a scream of torn metal. Breck drew back and hung to Mort's instrument panel. There was another bellow of metallic rage, and the port wing came up, ripping the engine nacelle wide open.

"Take to the silk, Marvin!" yelled Mort. "We've had it!"

The displaced panel slammed over hard and whacked the back of the main body. The engine shook its head and plunged out of the bearers.

"Beat it, Case!" Mort yelled, then looked back at the shattered structure

only a few feet behind. He wondered if Case was in that tangle.

Breck tore at the canopy releases and yelled to Mort to get her over on her back. Mort slipped away from his straps and began to crawl aft to see about Case. Funny thing, but he wondered if that was Case's real name.

The structure was a wicked tangle of framework, glass and metal conduits. He yelled for Case, but there was no reply. Either Case had already gone out, or he was trapped in his cubby-hole.

"Come on! Come on, Mort!" Breck was yelling. "We're cutting it close."

Mort tugged at the framework tangle for a second or two, but he had to give it up. He forced his way back to his own cockpit and saw Breck's feet disappear through the jagged hole in the side of the body. He struggled into the clear, tried to make the Widow ease into a flat spin, then crawled out.

There was no tail assembly to hinder his exit.

THEY never knew what kept Case in there. They just found what was left after the P-61 hit. Colonel Winslow was certain Case could have crawled out, but apparently he had just huddled there under his navigation desk.

"I don't get it," Chalmers said. "He was scared of cracking up in the storm but he made no attempt to get out."

"What did the guy have to get out for?" Breck asked when they had

talked it over in Winslow's office. "He had plenty coming either way. That was a Dutch act!"

The Colonel nodded sagely. "They all do it when they're trapped," he said. "That wasn't his real name. He was planted with the Air Force years ago, and the same sort of people had him come back in. I just got a report from Washington a few minutes after you took off. They had discovered that Case was—well, one of the 'super-race.' Case figured he was well in the clear by now and could go back to work again."

"No wonder he was trying to get up to Alaska," whistled Chalmers. "He could have had a wonderful time up there."

"A mug who will take money for a marriage annulment will take money for anything," said Breck.

"But he almost sold me on that story," Winslow said sheepishly. "I was ready to give him a clean sheet."

"Well, we know now," said Chalmers.

"I know something else," the Colonel smiled. "You two are up for a few days' leave. Now get out before we find another thunderstorm—you two well-heeled heels!"

"Why don't you come along and make it a threesome, sir?"

"Can't do it. It will take me three days to explain this mess to Washington. Buzz off and let a man work, will you?"

Mort and Marvin buzzed.

SPORT SPURTS

by HAROLD HELFER

THE all-time team chosen by the Baseball Writers' Association is composed of Walter Johnson, Bill Dickey, Lou Gehrig, Eddie Collins, Hans Wagner, Pie Traynor, Babe Ruth, Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb.

When Charles Stewart, of Bloomington, Ind., plays ping-pong he does not kid around—he broke a kneecap while indulging in the sport.

As far as Bobby Feller is concerned Bobby Doerr of the Red Sox is the No. 1 nemesis in the world: Twice Doerr has spoiled the no-hit efforts of Rapid Robert by being the only batter in the game to get a hit off him.

White Howe, left-fielder for the Bisbee, Ariz., Yanks, likes Bisbee so well that he doesn't ever want to leave and has had a clause put in his contract that he will never be sold to a major-league club.

Actor William Bendix was batboy for the New York Giants when he was a youngster.

Although they each only have one arm, LeRoy Duncan and James Yeats are members of the Williamsville, Ill., high school basketball team, and Duncan is considered the mainstay of the squad.

John North, Vanderbilt's end and captain, won the coin-toss to determine the receiving team eight straight times this past season.

Leonard Womble, a Savannah, Ga., golfer, hit a ball that went all the way to the far reaches of Florida—it landed in a moving railroad box-car.

Coaches have voted Jim Thorpe as the greatest football player of all time, with Ernie Nevers and Red Grange behind him.

The 101,500 fans at the Army-Navy game this past season ate two tons of hot-dogs, 58,000 rolls and 180 gallons of mustard.

Horse-racing and football games are so popular in Argentina that they had to be suspended while the census was being taken to make sure the people would be at home.

Bobby Brown, rookie star of the New York Yankees who starred as a pinch-hitter in the World Series, is learning to be a doctor at Tulane University during the off-season.

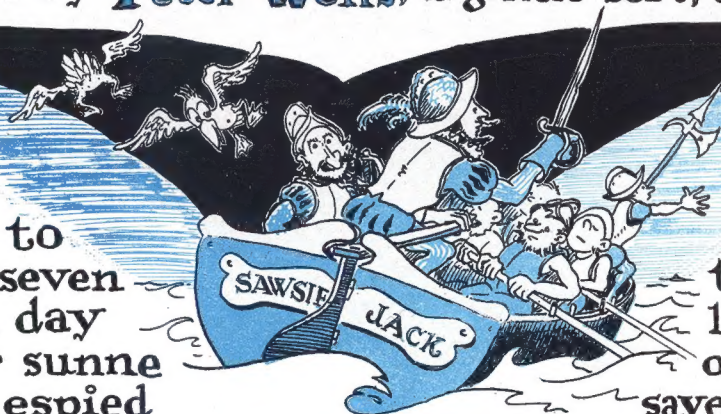
The big passion in the life of Sammy Baugh—the great passer of the Washington Redskins pro football team—who is a Texas rancher during the off-season, is Western movies; and one job of one of the team's scouts on the road is to find out for Sammy in which theaters cowboy cinemas are playing.

Brisk Trade in $\frac{1}{2}$ Azores.. 1589

Taken from "The Voiage of the right honorable George Erle of Cumberland..." To be read at length in Hakluyt's "Principall Discoveries of the English Nation." And which shows a *pleasant & active* method of providing for one's old age. All illustrated for the Gentle Reader by **Peter Wells**, a gentle sort, too...



We came to Fayal road the seven and twentieth day of August, after sunne set, where we espied certaine shippes ryding at anker, to whom we sent in our Skiffe with Capitaine Lister and Capitaine Monson in her to discover the roaders: and least any daunger should happen to our boate, we sent in likewise the Sawsie Jack and the small Caravell; but the wind being off the shoare, the shippes were not able to fet it so nigh as the Spaniards ride, which nevertheless the boat did, and clapped a shippe aboard of two hundred and fifty tunnes, which caried in her fourteene cast peeces, and continued fight alone with her for the space of one houre untill the comming up of other boates to the rescue of her, which were sent from the shippes, and then a fresh boording her againe one boate in the quarter, another in the hause, we entred her on the one



side, and all the Spaniards lept overboard on the other, save Juan de Palma the Captain of her and two or three more, and thus we became possessors of her. This shippe was mored to the Castle which shot at us all this while: the onely hurt which we received of all this shot was this, that the master of our Caravell had the calf of his legge shot away. ... After we had towed her cleare off the castle, we rowed in againe with our boats and fetched out five small ships more, one laden with hides, another with Elephants teeth, graines, coco-nuts & goates skins.. Later, they collected 2000 duckats ransome for the town of Fayal, 4 ships full of Brazil sugar, hides and generous amounts of Plate to their great satisfaction... And now we had our hands full and with joy shaped our course for England, for so it was thought meetest, having now so many Portugals, Spaniards and Frenchmen amongst us...



BLUE BOOK

MAGAZINE

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